





THE JUBILEE
AT
MOUNT SAINT MARY'S.



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MOUNT SAINT MARY'S,

OCTOBER 6, 1858.

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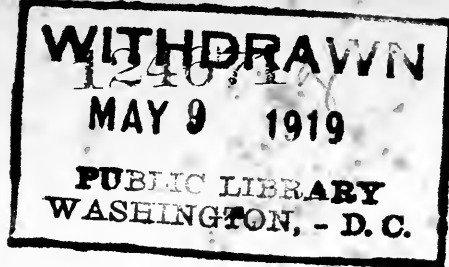
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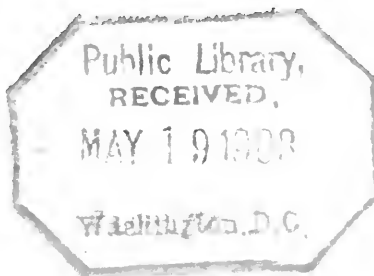
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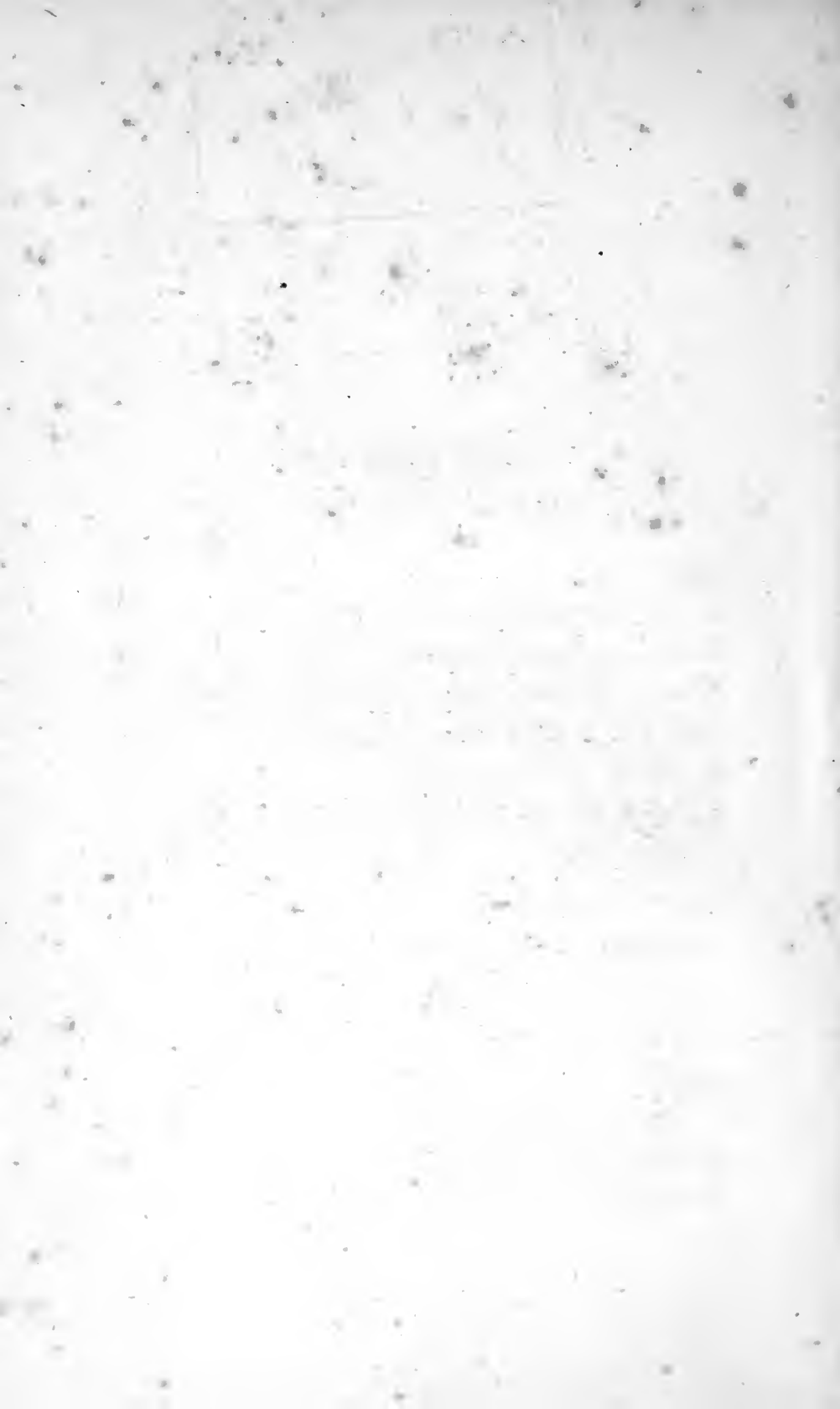




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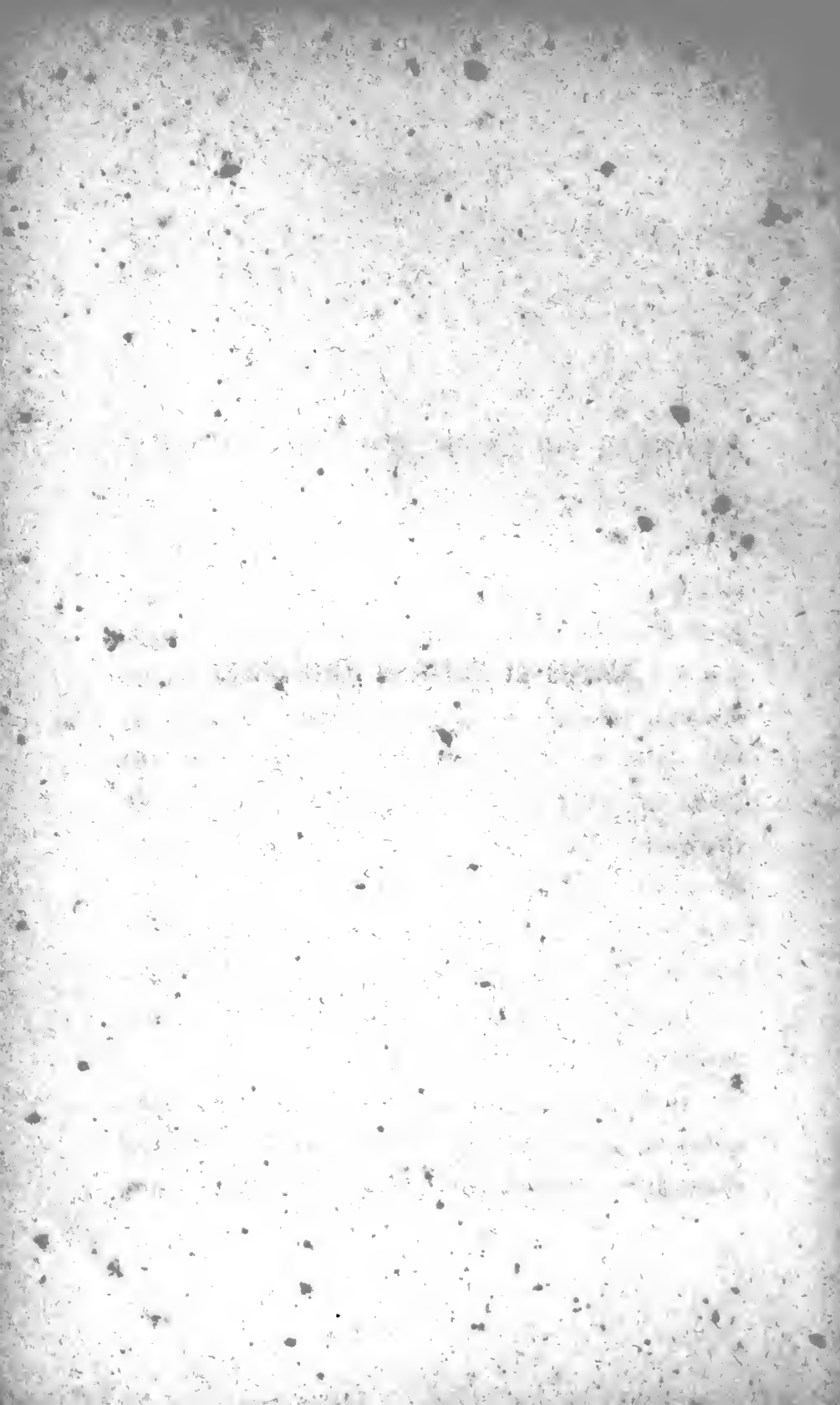
INTRODUCTION.

THE first suggestion of the Semi-Centennial Celebration at Mount St. Mary's College, was made more than six years ago, by the late lamented Bishop of Savannah, and his friend and pupil, the Rev'd Thomas McCaffrey. Since then, the Prelate has fallen at his post, before the pestilence that scattered and decimated his flock, and the Priest, by a similar death, has earned the palm branch which now adorns his tomb on the silent mountain side. The two friends did not live to witness the consummation of their wishes, but the idea they started was gradually developed, until finally becoming a general desire, it was happily realized on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1858.

For the exercises of the jubilee, and a full account of all the proceedings, the reader is referred to the following pages, published at the request of many who were

anxious to have some durable memorial of the celebration in which they took part. The volume is also intended for the gratification of the friends and Alumni of the Mountain, who were unavoidably absent. The funeral discourses on Dubois and Bruté, being nearly out of print, are added as an Appendix.

Address of President McCaffrey.



ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT McCAFFREY.

IN obedience to the expressed wishes of my colleagues, I shall open the proceedings of this great Festival with a few words, which, I trust, you will receive with favor, considering less the individual who speaks than the organ of the College—the successor, however unworthy, of the great and good Founder of this Institution. In the name, then, of all whom I represent,—of the Professors, Tutors and Students of Mount St. Mary's, I welcome you, Most Reverend Archbishops, Right Revd. Bishops, Reverend Priests, and respected friends of the Laity : I bid you all a hearty welcome to our Jubilee.

And now, assured that here you all feel yourselves at home—children of a common Mother, reassembled around the old familiar hearth-stone,

and about to kneel again together before the family altar, I can speak to you with confidence, as a brother speaking to his brothers. And what, I ask, is the first feeling of our hearts on this auspicious day? Gratitude—deep, fervent, unutterable gratitude to God, who, in his infinite goodness, has prospered and blessed the efforts of those who, for his honor and glory, began their labors on this hallowed spot half a century ago. The seed they planted then,—the seedling, which they nursed and watered with their sweat and tears, is now indeed a noble tree, whose fruits are known, and not unhonored, throughout the world. For this, eternal thanks to God! Praise and honor too to his ever blessed Mother, whose sweet and holy name our venerated founders piously gave to our Church and College, to secure her powerful protection, and to inspire with her love all who were destined to be educated at St. Mary's Mount.

The orator and the poet will soon describe the toils and sacrifices of these saintly men, and move you to emulate their lofty aims, and liberal views, and great achievements. My part

is to welcome you, as I do most cordially, to the scenes consecrated by their labors. And while I regret to miss so many, whose hearts are doubtless with us, it is with a proud satisfaction I behold not a few of those who, like Dubois and Bruté, have been and still are the brave, devoted, self-sacrificing pioneers of the highest and best civilization—who have gone into the moral wilderness to reclaim and beautify it ; to clear the forest, to drain the marsh, and irrigate the garden ; to build the Seminary and the College, and rear the temple of religion on the hill-side or in the valley, or amid the smoke and din of the crowded city ; who are indeed enriching our country with enduring monuments of their zeal for science and letters, the glory of God and man's salvation, though caring little "to leave their footprints on the sands of time," or earn any record save that which Angels keep in Heaven.

There is a pleasure, too, a rich recompense for years of sacrifice and toil in the presence of such a number of the respected sons of Mount St. Mary's, whose talents and learning adorn, and

whose virtues hallow, the liberal professions and various walks of secular life. You have come from the East and the West, from the North and the South, here to "renew your youth," and rekindle the flame of early devotion at the shrine endeared by so many sweet and holy memories. We greet you with a fond welcome, and thank God that our beloved country, among her many worthy sons, has ever found, and will find in you, virtuous citizens, enlightened patriots, and, if need be, heroic defenders.

This festive reunion, suggested and called for by many, by some even who are not here to enjoy it, needs no explanation. Should not the old and the young Mountaineer—the student of to-day and the student of fifty years ago, and they who form the connecting links in the living chain that unites the past with the present—take each other by the hand at least once in half a century? Is it not meet and just that the patriarchs of the institution—the few that yet linger amongst us of the earliest disciples of Dubois and Bruté—should revisit their loved Alma Mater, and, kneeling once

again before the dear old altar on the hill, together breathe a prayer for her continued prosperity, and the eternal repose, in light and bliss, of her departed founders.

It is fifty years since Mr. Dubois opened his little school for the education of Catholic priests and Catholic laymen, in the small log tenement still preserved and cherished as a relic, on the neighboring farm of Hayland. It is fifty years since he first occupied the log cabin that has disappeared from its site just below the church which crowns yon sacred hill. It is fifty years since he there gave a temporary home to Mother Seton and her companions, our first Sisters of Charity, whose successful establishment and marvellous progress, are, under God, preëminently due to him and Mr. Bruté—the rude nursery for a time of those Angels of Mercy whose schools, hospitals, and orphan asylums are now spread from yon valley of St. Joseph to Boston, Milwaukee, and New Orleans ; from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast ; from Halifax, in Queen Victoria's dominions, to Monterey and San Francisco. Fifty years ! and Mount St. Mary's—

the joyous mother of children, who have made her name honorable throughout the Christian world—from such unpromising beginnings has become what you now behold her.

And, if you ask me the secret of this wonderful development and prosperity, I frankly own that I cannot tell it. She has had no State endowments, no rich bequests, no wealthy and lavish benefactors, no great assistance or encouragement, no help or hope from without ; while of difficulties and discouragements she has had her full share. And yet she has grown, and thrived, and flourished—and all that we can say to explain the strange phenomenon is, that the spirit of Dubois and Bruté, as we fondly think, still lives in the Institution, for which their prayers may be even more efficacious now than their labors were of old—that to us it seems “the finger of God is here ;” that this is something “which the Lord hath done ; let us exult and be glad therein.” “*Hæc dies, quam fecit Dominus ; exulemus et lætemur in eâ.*”

We do indeed rejoice : this is our Jubilee, and our mountain, robed in her richest hues of autum-

nal beauty, is keeping holiday with us. God showers his blessings on us: sainted spirits, to whom this place is dear, are watching over it: good angels, we may well believe, are encamped upon that holy Mount, and hover round about us.

Thanks be to God, and glory to his ever blessed Name, and praise and honor to our Holy Patroness! May the students and friends of Mount St. Mary's make pilgrimages to this spot, to see her still flourishing year by year: may they hold happy jubilees hereafter, and may they ever find her still blessed by God—still favored by his Immaculate Mother!

Address of James McSherry, Esq.



ADDRESS OF JAMES McSHERRY, ESQ.

IN this Most Reverend and learned presence, surrounded by an audience in whose breasts eloquent memories are thrilling at every heart-throb, I might well shrink back from the duty assigned me on this occasion, did I not call to mind, here in this well-remembered spot, that I am a son of the middle decade of our common Alma Mater's life, and that you are in her, my elder and my younger brothers. Perhaps my words, addressed to brothers of the mountain school, met together to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, may become potent in the vibrations of your hearts. The wind that strikes the harp, itself, is dissonant ; the sweetness and power of the music lie only in

the tense, and finely attuned strings it touches in its passage.

We celebrate a golden wedding here this day. Fifty years ago, upon this spot, a doubly gifted bride, endowed with science and religion, though poor and humble in all things else, was wedded by sacred hands to the rude mountain, and blessed with the name, so dear to many hearts, of Mount St. Mary's: and we, the children of that Mystic Bridal, have come, as pilgrims here from many widely distant newer homes, back to the old hearth-stone of our early years, to honor the holy memory of the great and good departed, to dwell upon their labors and their trials, to rejoice in their success, to share in their triumphs.

Fifty years ! how much of good, how much of evil are compressed into that period less than the allotted life of man ! How much of happiness and misery ! Dynasties have perished, Republics risen and fallen, Kingdoms and peoples been torn asunder—far more of destruction, it would seem, than of re-edification ! How many histories are written in the world's footsteps through it, and how varied

the fates of the actors in its movements ! And here is one written on this mountain side, in letters of glorious life and usefulness, which it becomes us to read well to-day. The world, as its full tide flows on, knows not the real greatness it carries in its turbid bosom. Foam and spray and bubbles are floating proudly upon its troubled surface, sparkling in the sun, clad in rainbow hues, mocking the diamond with borrowed light—and passing away to nothingness. But the age that follows, finds in the sands where the tide has passed, the pure gold and the true jewel, which were borne along unnoticed in the inner heart of the world-current, and went to rest only to leave their wealth, their beauty and their usefulness, to adorn all the generations for time and eternity. Fifty years ago, there were many bubbles and much foam, sparkling on the wave of life, then seeming the glory of the time and promising its true greatness in history, which have passed away and are forgotten ; but some of its best jewels and purest gold, humbly moving beneath the surface, rested here upon the mountain's side, enriching it with wealth untold as yet, but greater

than that of famed Pactolus, more lasting than the whole world's placers—making it the shrine of many loving hearts, the pilgrimage of an ever swelling array of reverent followers.

Roll back the flight of time, in fancy, more than fifty years, and standing with me on yonder summit, gaze out upon the wild picture stretched beneath. The dark forest spreads its canopy of oak and chestnut, intermingled with belts of gloomy pine, over the rocky steeps, rounding the rugged sides of the deep glens, down to where the mountain melts into the plain, and far around and beyond, save only here and there a cottage, a clearing or a farm-house. Around the foot of the declivity, thickets and swamps, and masses of rocks, and endless beds of stone, render the ground unfit for cultivation, and seem almost to forbid the passage of any but the lithe hunter or the hardy mountain woodsman. Far below, amidst the surrounding buildings of a farm, but under the same roof with the rude but comfortable dwelling, stands the chapel of this wild and sequestered district—the heart-centre of the sparse flock—loved, cherished

and preserved, because it brought to them memories of the dark days for their faith, which it was hoped the successful struggle for freedom and independence had swept away to return no more forever. There in Maryland, which Catholics had founded, and where they had proclaimed and maintained the equal political right of all professing to be Christians, to the free exercise of their religious belief, it stood a monument of the changed days when the Catholic priest was permitted, as a great concession from the harsher laws that succeeded the Protestant Revolution of 1689, to say mass in the dwelling-house of a private family.

Look out upon that scene, and see in it a figure of the Church throughout the whole land. The chains which bound it have been riven, the shackles have fallen from its limbs—but they are yet nerveless, chilled, and unaccustomed to their new-found liberty. The barrenness and gloom of its poverty and recent subjugation still cover it. The places where it shall be strongest and most fruitful, know it not as yet. Its members are few and scattered, small clearings and centres of cultivation, as it

were, in the great forest of Protestantism that overspreads the land with its long favored growth. They look back with grateful hearts on the trials they have passed through safely, on the oppressions that have ceased, and they are content with the peace of quiet repose. Seventy-five years of disfranchisement in the land of their birth, had made that rest and freedom too delicious for them to awake at once to a full comprehension of their duty and their destiny, before the century had closed, and a new generation, nursed in freedom, had sprung up to invigorate them. They had loved liberty, for in chains they had sighed for its advent, and, when the hour came, they rallied to a man in its cause, under the lead of the two illustrious Carrolls—the Priest and the Patriot. They had earned liberty, for they bore their part in the council and the battle-field, and when the British Lion was brought to bay and conquered, in the closing struggle of the war at Yorktown, where the seal was set to the charter of American independence and nationality, the swords and bayonets borne by French, and Irish,

and American Catholics, in its cause, equalled, if not outnumbered, all others put together. Liberty was no boon to them ; it was their ancient birth-right, which they had redeemed on the same red battle-fields, in common with their brethren of every creed. It was not doubted then—it should not be questioned now. But as yet they were in no condition to gather all its benefits. The cramp of the yoke had not yet left them. They were few, and poor, and scattered ; and, twenty years after full freedom had dawned upon them, one diocese stretched over the whole expanse of the United States, with one Bishop and a few Priests to gather the harvest of the vast wilderness. There were barren rocks, and forests, and seemingly impenetrable thickets around the foothold of the Church, more frightful than those around this hill, which then would have appalled the looker-on from yonder summit.

To us, now, the picture of that day appears but sad and gloomy : to those who dwelt and acted in it, mindful of the still darker past, it was a glorious prosperity already reached, which after-

times would scarcely see surpassed. A Bishop, and Priests, and open churches, and freedom ! Might they not cry out with holy Simeon, " Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, in peace." And when a prophet came, enlightened by the burning love and charity of his saintly heart, to foreshadow this magnificent scene which now surrounds us, and the greatness of the work that would be here accomplished in the progress of the Church, assisting to spread out over our land a glorious constellation of dioceses, churches, colleges, and congregations, men might well stand astonished, and almost turn away and scoff at the dreamer. Even now, in this land, where the Church is still free to suffer and to win souls by its sufferings, to work and enlarge its folds by its labors, to teach and rear up apostles by its lessons, and these examples of the past, and where all hearts pour forth daily the orison to the Immaculate Queen of Apostles, to pray the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into the harvest, they are marked as rash, or smiled at as visionaries, who foretell, in hope, still brighter days to come—days

when the Catholic spirit of love and self-devotion shall be breathed throughout the people, shall inspire their patriotism with holier flames, shall strengthen the Union with ties that neither fanaticism nor sectionalism can rend asunder, and maintain unperverted, and in their integrity, the hereditary liberties of the land. He, who, before the close of the last century, would have pictured forth the Church as it stands to-day in our country, might well have been accounted mad by those who only weigh the value of human means. There were but few laborers in the vineyard, and the foundations of two colleges and a single seminary were scarcely laid, to increase, or even to maintain, their numbers. The people were poor, with rare exceptions, and barely able to furnish means of support to the few over-worked missionaries among them. In the older stations of Maryland and Pennsylvania, these were sustained by the lands which had, in earlier times, been secured for that purpose. The heart of Archbishop Carroll, then lately named Superior of the Clergy in the United States, as he cast his sorrowing glance over

his vast and helpless diocese, might perhaps have grown sad and despairing, had he placed his hopes in the mere strength of human means. But he trusted in God, and worked on fearlessly and faithfully, knowing that, in His own good time, He would give the increase ; that out of poverty He would bring forth riches, out of weakness strength, out of the curses of His enemies blessings, out of their seeming success His triumph.

Sad and sorrowful, and clouded with many woes, came at last the helping hands.

Storms arise in the Old World ; destruction broods triumphant over the desolated cities, and provinces, and empires. Out of the Catholic heart of France, Catholicity seemed to have been crushed ; altars desecrated, priests slaughtered, monasteries destroyed, and the Goddess of Reason enthroned upon the ruins of Christianity, struck terror into the hearts of the most hopeful. The end of all things might well have appeared to be at hand. But the destruction that seemed imminent was but the forerunner of an almost universal re-edification, far other than the destroyers had

anticipated. God mocks his enemies, and turns the currents of their fury into the fructifying channels of his grace.

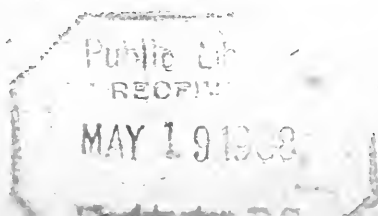
Flying from the tornado in France, a young priest, embarking from Havre, lands at Norfolk, in July, 1791, armed only with indomitable spirit and exhaustless zeal, while at the same moment a ship, without concert, sailing from St. Malo, is entering the harbor of Baltimore, freighted with the band of good Sulpitian priests, exiles like himself, who are to become the founders of St. Mary's College and Seminary, in that city, and for a time be his associates in his own great project. Other holy exiles will soon occupy missionary points from the forests of Maine to the prairies on the Mississippi, and the shores of the great lakes. Born in Paris, on the 24th of August, 1764, John Dubois was educated at the College of Louis Le Grand, which had already trained Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, for the service of American freedom. Intended for the camp, he found his true vocation in the sanctuary; and was ordained priest before the canonical age, by dispensation, on the 22d of Sep-

tember, 1787. Rejecting the impious constitutional oaths tendered by the infidels who ruled France in 1791, he obtained a passport and letters of introduction from Lafayette, with whose family he was acquainted, and fled from Paris in disguise. Bearing these letters, he was received kindly by the Randolphs, the Lees, the Beverlys—by Monroe, and by Patrick Henry. Polished, learned, and devout, he attended to the spiritual wants of the few Catholics of Norfolk and Richmond, with the permission of Bishop Carroll, while he taught his native tongue for a support, and pursued the study of English, receiving occasional assistance in his studies from the great Virginian orator himself.

Virginians have still some of the old colonial bigotry ; perchance Father Frambach may even yet be in peril when he crosses from Frederick to the southern shore of the Potomac, in his missions. But the young French priest who bears the letters of the friend of America, is taken by the hand by the gentlemen whose names are side by side with that of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, on the Decla-

ration of Independence, who have associated with Lafayette and Rochambeau and De Grasse, who remember that more than a hundred brave Catholic Frenchmen shed their blood before the redoubts of Yorktown, leaving their bones to mingle with the soil of Virginia, as a claim of citizenship for the exiled sons of Catholic France,—who have not yet forgotten the dead Pulaski, nor the still living Kosciusko, at that moment fighting for the freedom of his Catholic native land, as he had long before fought for ours. Thus welcomed, he celebrates mass in the very State House at Richmond, as if to take most solemn possession of the future diocese, which is to be filled by one of his own spiritual children, thereafter reared under his own eye at this sacred spot. But Providence brings him nearer to that great labor which is to be the crown of his life, and his memorial after death.

In 1794, he is removed to Frederick, in Maryland. He has stations in Virginia, in Montgomery county, Maryland, in Fredericktown, and throughout the county. His mission is almost boundless, for he is for a time the sole priest, besides Rev.



Mr. Badin, in Kentucky, from Frederick to St. Louis. In these wide-spread labors, he has learned the wants of the country : he mourns for the destitution of the Church, he laments over the rich soil that is everywhere filling up with weeds, because there are no laborers to cultivate it ; and he sorrows over the blighting germs of unnumbered congregations, dying away untended in the lonely emigrant cabins, scattered far over the mountains and valleys of the boundless interior. Yet he is everywhere laboring with superhuman energy, while the great thought of his heart is taking form and consistence, and his dearest affections are gradually clustering around one spot of wild and romantic beauty. Yet he bides his time. Who can tell what visions filled his soul in the midnight watches, as often amid danger and darkness he toiled many a weary mile to visit the sick and cheer the dying ? Who can picture the glorious joy with which he sketched out in his heart for the eye of God, the details of his maturing project ? How its contemplation sustained him, how it became possible to him when it was a folly to

others ; how at length, it seemed only to need that he should stretch out his hand, and God would bless it and accomplish the work, when to others it was a dreamy and benevolent madness.

Penetrating to yonder hill-top, swelling as it were from the mountain side, he looked out upon the wide-spread valley below him. It was as wild and lovely a view as the eye need wish to look upon ; and thence he gazed, like the leader and prophet of old, upon the future home of his children. But unlike him of Pisgah, after having wandered far from his native clime and caught a glimpse of his land of promise, it was granted to him to enter upon it and share in the fruition of his hopes, for he had struck the rock of gushing waters with unfaltering faith. The forest trees were felled, the virgin soil was dedicated to the immaculate Virgin Queen of Heaven, and, aided by his own patient toil, the Church of Mount St. Mary's reared up its modest cross, a beacon to the whole valley. The time has at length come ; the beginning of the great design has been made under that holy emblem. Mr. Dubois bids adieu to Frederick, but the

fourteen years of his residence there have not been without a blessing and a memorial. He leaves his little flock a substantial Church, which they cannot fill with their scanty numbers, and which is still preserved with care and devotion, although a venerated and beloved successor was compelled by the growth of his congregation to erect one much larger for their occupation. And now in the year 1808, just half a century ago, he took possession of the log dwelling erected three years before by the joint labors of his two neighboring congregations, midway between the Church and the selected site of his new Seminary. With him resided a few of his pupils and teachers, while others were boarded in the neighborhood, and the school was daily held in a small brick building in the vicinity. Under the protecting shadow of the Mountain Church, hard by that pure murmuring spring, whose waters have since cooled many a lip now far away or silent in the tomb, the very memory of whose gushings from the rocks has come back after many years to weary hearts, like the voice of long-forgotten music freshly heard once more, a site is cleared and levelled, and

a row of log buildings commenced, rough and rude, but such as has often been, in this country, the first home of men and institutions destined to greatness and renown.

Mr. Dubois at first attached himself to the Sulpicians, those brother exiles who reached these friendly shores almost at the same moment with him, and who had now, under the auspices of Bishop Carroll, already laid the foundations of the College and Seminary of St. Mary's in Baltimore. How much does America owe to France, to Frenchmen ! The fathers came in the hour of our country's need, with the sword of her chivalry to aid in bearing on to triumphant freedom the banner of the Stars and Stripes, and in the hour of spiritual destitution, the sons bore hither their torn and bruised hearts, armed with martyr-like courage and apostolic zeal, to aid in establishing, maintaining, and extending the glorious ensign of the Cross.

With the quick instinct of Frenchmen they saw, as Mr. Dubois had seen, that the first great want to be met in this new field of mission, was the preliminary training and education of American

youth for the Church. They had established a school in Pennsylvania for the preparation of youths for the Seminary at Baltimore, and these, sixteen in number, were, in 1809, transferred to the care of Mr. Dubois at the mountain. In two years the number of his pupils had risen to forty, in three years to sixty, and in five to eighty ; and the restricted course of studies pursued in its faint beginnings was enlarged to embrace Greek, French and Mathematics, in addition to Latin, the special language of the Church, and the ordinary branches of a good English education.

It was no longer an experiment ; it was achieved ;—not achieved without toil, and great labor, and much hardship and many struggles ; not achieved beyond the encountering of many future trials and difficulties ; but the possibility of its success had been demonstrated, the way had been opened and the path surveyed. Only strength and endurance were required now to bear up under the burdens of the work. Much had been done, but much still remained to be accomplished. A stranger, and without money, he had seated himself

upon the mountain side, had cleared away a site, had reared the humble walls of his log Seminary, had gathered round him teachers whom he paid and supported, and pupils, some of whom had but little means even to support themselves. Necessarily thus involved in debt, and trusting from day to day in the help which he might receive from God, but could scarcely expect from man, he struggled on, cheered by words of encouragement from men as holy and as poor as himself. But to the cares of his school and Seminary and his two congregations, have been added that of watching over the painful beginnings of the sisterhood of Charity of St. Joseph's. In June, 1809, mother Seaton removed a portion of her little community from Baltimore, and, while the plain dwelling was being finished for them on their land in the valley, occupied the house in which Mr. Dubois had first resided, and which he had vacated for the log Seminary below it. Thus the same humble dwelling was the first nursery of the two institutions, of this Mountain and yonder Valley, whose charity and good works have poured out their beneficent treasures over the

whole of our wide land. Its site is worthy of a memorial column,—and it need have no more glorious inscription than this, “Here stood the nursery of Mount St. Mary’s and St. Joseph’s.” After the removal of the Sisters to their home in the valley, which took place during the summer, the labors of Mr. Dubois were increased by his necessary visits to them as their Superior; but he was at length relieved of a portion of his duties by the arrival of Mr. Duhamel, a good French priest, who had been exiled to French Guiana, whence he came first to Hagerstown, in Maryland, and afterwards to Mount St. Mary’s, and who took charge of the congregation in Emmitsburg.

At length Mr. Dubois began to enjoy the first fruits of his labors—to him the first trophies of his triumph. He was enabled, from time to time, to present a number of students fitted to prosecute their theological studies at St. Mary’s in Baltimore, and was ere long assisted in his labors by teachers prepared under his own eye. But he is about to receive back his greatest treasure, whom he had possessed only long enough to estimate at

his full value. Mr. Bruté, afterwards the saintly Bishop of Vincennes, was another holy and learned son of France, who, declining the honors of the new empire, and cutting asunder the dearest ties of home and country, had exiled himself to the New World as an apostle willing to labor where laborers were most needed. In September, 1812, he had been stationed at Mount St. Mary's, as the spiritual director of the sisterhood of St. Joseph's, and not only relieved Mr. Dubois of this portion of his arduous duties, but filled the post of a professor in the Seminary. Still, the growth of the institution, the burden of its debts, and the care of the mountain congregation, afforded enough occupation to wear out energies less powerful than those of Mr. Dubois. Mr. Bruté, after having shared his toils and labors for more than two years, was called by important business to France, and on his return, in 1815, was elected President of St. Mary's College, Baltimore. But his heart longed for the quiet shades of the mountain, and in 1818 he resigned the Presidency of St. Mary's College, and hastened to rejoin Mr. Dubois.

Who will say that the spirit of prophecy does not forewarn and guide the minds of the great and holy, or the hand of Providence direct the currents of their deeds into that channel which shall prove the most salutary and beneficent to the world? What result shall be grand enough for this conjunction of heavenly souls? The brave heart, the unflagging energy, the unworldly prudence, the indomitable zeal, the patient vigor, the unwearied cheerfulness of the founder, are now to be reinforced by the immense learning, the admirable talents, the boundless charity, the intense self-devotion and self-forgetfulness, the wonderful humility and the saintly piety, which have already cast a halo around the name of the guardian angel of Mount St. Mary's. What manner of men shall these men rear? Behold! they are before the eyes of the world. Let the world judge of the tree by its fruits.

Ten years have rolled on—the first of the five decades of the history of Mount St. Mary's has been passed through, in toil with courage, in depression with patience, in poverty with endurance.

In the young nursery vigorous shoots are growing, thoroughly ingrafted with the spirit of the founder, destined in due time to be transplanted, and to mature in strength and beauty, until great cities, and congregations, and churches, and colleges, shall gather under their shade, and feed upon the rich fruit of their luxuriant branches. But at the closing of that first decade, all these glorious results are yet in the womb of the future. He who labors for God must toil on in patient hope ! There may be many trials, many disappointments, many hopes baffled, sometimes, seemingly, entire destruction utter and irreparable. But heroic patience and faith in God will conquer ; the consolation and the triumph will come in His own time : and every trial and difficulty will only set a brighter jewel in the crown of success. But in such a contest it is only a hero who triumphs. Ordinary men go down amid the struggle, are trampled under foot, are pitied and forgotten. Heroes rise to meet the descending blow, grapple with the foe, wrest away the weapon that is to strike them, and wield it in their own defence ; tread circumstances

under foot, climb obstacles to make them vantage points in their upward and onward march ; on the shield of faith receive unblenched the fiercest shocks of Nature's elements ; out of the wreck of promising fruition gather seedlets for a new crop of brighter hopes, and amid the ruins of the fairest structure, read only the lessons which shall make the succeeding effort perfect in its adaptation.

Here there were two heroes of no earthly mould, precisely fitted to aid, sustain, and cheer each other. If the hand of the worker and founder shall grow weary, and his heart overburdened with many toils shall falter, the holy lips of "the Guardian Angel" of the mountain shall whisper into his ear prophetic words of consolation, shall strengthen his soul with rays from his own spirit, which has grown strong in patient meditation, before the altar of yonder Mountain church.

Who shall now tell of the communings of those two holy hearts, those two spiritual heroes, as day by day they watched the growth of their flourishing Seminary and school, and marked with still deeper interest the progress of those whom

they were training up to take their places, or to be sent into the great mission of the world to labor in the uncultivated vineyard, or of those younger hearts that were year by year going out from under their wings, to try their frail fortunes on the sea of life. How painfully they shall question futurity, whether those youthful souls shall steer steadily onward through the dark and troubled waters, lighted by faith and with eyes fixed upon the beacon of the Cross, or whether, when the moorings have been cast off, and the safe harbor and good pilot left far behind, they shall drift away gradually but hopelessly from their course, and in despair casting away chart and compass, perish among the rocks before their middle passage has been run ; or whether, then, looking back afar over the turbid deep as it bears them on towards destruction, they shall catch a faint glimpse of the beacon Cross, such as they saw it in youth upon this mountain-side, gather new courage from the sight, and after many struggles regain their course, and find once more beneath it, peace, repentance, and repose.

These two have each a father's cares, both, indeed, for all, but Mr. Bruté especially for those who, under his guidance, are preparing themselves for the sanctuary ; for the Mountain Seminary has ceased to be subsidiary to St. Mary's at Baltimore, and the greatest and most learned theologian on this side of the Atlantic, he himself "led its pupils through the vast halls of the queen of sciences." Thus, hand in hand, step by step, they move along, their students increasing in numbers, the teachers formed under their care growing in power and efficiency, and sending forth annually able and zealous priests to fill the vacant missions.

The log houses, increased to two rows, have become too small, and, strong in faith, Mr. Dubois commences the erection of a massive building of stone. He has secured many friends, but has never been sustained in his arduous labors by wealthy societies, nor by generous contributions. His school and Seminary have not been fostered or endowed by public liberality, or by State or county donations. He looked not for it now ; but re-

solutely, as when years ago in more vigorous life he first planted the Cross upon the mountain-side, he gathered the materials, dug the foundations, and pressed on the work to its completion. The night of the 6th of June, 1824, closed over the building now almost ready for occupation, and joyous eyes looked on it ere they rested in sleep, and hopeful hearts longed for the dawning morn when they were to possess the long-desired home—the palace on the mountain-side. Perhaps every heart was too triumphant, for the crowning trial had come. The morning sun arose upon a scene of terror and desolation. The fair walls of the noble structure were blackened with the furious flames that went roaring through the wide halls and goodly corridors, streaming from every window like red banners of destruction, bursting from floor to floor, licking up with fiery tongues, column, and cornice, and cupola, until all sank down into one mass of smoking and frightful ruins. Those who saw the horrors of that night have said, that while the heart beats and memory holds her power, it will never be forgotten. Into the grave itself will go

one recollection, like a vision seen and impressed for ever on the brain, of a face calm and composed amidst the wild strife of the element, and the shouts of those who in vain struggled with its progress, lit up by the flames that were destroying the fondest hopes, upturned towards heaven, seemingly radiant with the heroic patience, submission, and courage of his God-sustained spirit. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" he said—but he added: "There were defects in this; I will remedy them in the next." But who shall ever know the anguish of that good heart, or measure the wonderful courage that never dreamed of faltering even in that frightful moment, when other men might well have yielded to despair? But there was no pause with him. The ruins were scarcely cold before the work of reconstruction was commenced.

Struck by the appalling loss to this good man, whom all had learned to love, perhaps, too, beginning to feel a pride in the possession of an institution already winning fame abroad, the people of

the vicinity, without distinction of religion, came to his assistance, and subscriptions flowed in from various sources, but far from sufficient to cover his heavy losses. At least it relieves him, it is consolation, and assures him of sympathy. A new and larger building is erected ; and, in 1826, Mr. Dubois takes possession and opens the studies of the scholastic year within its walls.

Now, surely, in his advancing age, for the snows of more than sixty years have whitened his hair, he shall have rest and repose in the pleasant home he has completed, cheered by the sight and society of those whom he has reared around him to share his cares and relieve him of his burdens. Surely, now he has earned the right to repose in peace under the shadow of his beloved mountain, to inhale its healthy breezes and refresh his weary lips with its pure waters, after eighteen years of such varied trials and labors. Surely, in this retirement, placing its responsibilities in the hands of some of that faithful and numerous band whom he has so well prepared to bear them, he may watch in calm repose the progress which the sons of Mount

St. Mary's are already making in every portion of the land ! What but death can now sever him from the home he has planted and beautified with so much toil and suffering ? Duty ! Obedience ! The lesson he had so long taught, he well knows how to practise. He is appointed Bishop of New York : he bows his head and goes, tearing his heart-strings, a second time, from what he loves best on earth. At least, he can watch over his dear mountain from afar. At least, he can be there in spirit, and in the holy union of prayer and sacrifice, when he ascends the altar in his distant cathedral ; and he will remember that a band of chosen hearts around yonder shrine bear him gratefully in mind, and breathe his name in every whispered orison. At least he will return to visit it, and mark its growth again and again, from his vast and growing diocese, when, hereafter, one of his own great mountain pupils shall come to share that burden which is weighing down his wearied shoulders, and with giant strength shall bear it lightly on his own.

So far the history of Mount St. Mary's Col-

lege has been the history, the very biography, of its venerable founder. His heart is still with the work, but its guidance shall henceforth be in other hands. He has no fears, for his mantle has fallen upon one of his chosen pupils. It is a great trust, but his successor has around him a group of worthy brethren, who shall carry it on bravely for years, and leave it in still increasing vigor to others no less zealous and efficient, who have been formed in the same school. As the venerable Founder stands for the last time, for years, upon those spacious terraces his hands have helped to fashion from the mountain-side, and gazes around on the changed aspect of the scene—upon the massive College with its flanking rows of log dwellings ; upon that beautiful garden with its ever flowing waters, which he has laid out and perfected with so much toil ; upon the house far up the hill-side, first humble nursery of Mount St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, both already grown so great ; upon that mountain Church, which rose above them all, he may have gone over in memory all his toils, and counted the whole cost of patience and of labor, and

weighing them with their wonderful results, might well have thought them all repaid. Eighteen years before, when he had commenced his labors here, with the holy hope of supplying priests to the destitute Church, there were but sixty-eight in the one diocese stretching from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the far West. In those eighteen years he had sent forth more than forty zealous missionaries, either entirely or in great part, prepared in his still youthful Seminary. Forty well-trained, brave-hearted, learned and earnest priests have gone forth from this spot, which shall ever in after life be the Mecca of their hearts, cheering them in every difficulty and trial, with memories of the great spirits who were their models and their masters ; to which they shall turn with thankful hearts and joyful recollections, even when death shall bring nigh to them their reward, when all their works are done. But he may look beyond this ! How many congregations shall these mountain missionaries gather together ; how many churches shall they rear ; how many dioceses shall they occupy and build up ; how many

wandering souls shall they bring within the fold, and how many more sons shall the mountain yet send forth to add to the roll of names that are to become glorious, whether in the mouths of men or in the sight of angels ! He might well be content to depart—for, here, he has filled a sufficient space of usefulness—and go forth to renew the same trials and difficulties, to overcome the same destruction, and to rise again triumphant over circumstances and obstacles, and portentous fate itself, by his all-conquering faith in God : and at length, having looked upon the full glory of all his work, no longer doubtful, no longer embarrassed, but full of vigor and success, quietly close his eyes in peace, leaving behind him the rich treasure of his memory to sanctify this spot made more than classic by his labors. .

The founder has departed from the Seminary, but its guardian angel, Mr. Bruté, still remains to watch over the progress of the work, until eight years later he too shall be called to wear the mitre and bear the crosier in a laborious diocese of the far West.

Mr. Dubois was succeeded as President, by the Rev. Michael DeBurgo Egan, who had been trained from his youth in the institution over which he now ruled with a spirit worthy of the teachings and example of his venerated master : but declining health interrupted his labors, and the hand of death in a distant land gently closed his eyes, and brought repose to his mild and loving spirit. But there was no pause in the progress of Mount St. Mary's ; its success no longer depended upon the life or energy of any one man, however great and good. Originally founded mainly for the preparation of aspirants to the priesthood, its admirable adaptation to the education of youth, its seclusion from the temptations of the busy world, its healthy location, and the reputation of its rulers and teachers, had caused the Academy attached to the Seminary to grow with great rapidity. Its prosperity, and its wide-spread fame as a classical school, justified those who now guided its destinies in appealing to the legislature of the State for corporate and collegiate powers. Another pupil of Dubois and Bruté, another of that great class destined for

Bishoprics and Archbishoprics, the Rev. John B. Purcell, now the venerated Archbishop of Cincinnati, then presided over the fortunes of Mount St. Mary's with a firm and energetic hand, but loving heart, and in the session of 1830 obtained the first charter for the College. And now Mount St. Mary's stood complete and perfect in its full proportions : and I remember well, although amongst the youngest in the long ranks of pupils, and just freshly entered, how each one, to the smallest there, felt a prouder thrill and shared in the new dignity as he pronounced the name of " Mount St. Mary's College." From ten years of age to the class of graduates about to receive the first diplomas, we were all Collegians, we were no longer Academy boys—no longer pupils at the Seminary ; we threw up our good old-fashioned leather skullcaps, which are now only a sort of myth and mere tradition here, and loudly cheered for our new honors. And when the commencement came, it was a proud and an affecting spectacle to look upon those young graduates, waiting modestly to receive the certificates of their first degrees, while the list was read

of those who had long since earned, but only now at last could receive their honors from the old mountain mother, which had not yet forgotten them.

Henceforth the current flows more smoothly at the mountain ; there are fewer difficulties to contend with, and, year by year, the way begins to open more clearly through them. Various improvements are made, a society library and a reading-room are opened ; and a fine and costly apparatus is imported from France for the departments of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, which are placed under the charge of the amiable and learned Dr. Anthony Hermange, whose memory is dear to many a pupil of the mountain. But a Bishop is to be chosen for the diocese of Cincinnati, and all eyes turn instinctively to Mount St. Mary's, and rest upon its President. He goes forth from its quiet shades to bear the honors and the heavy burdens of the episcopate, to breast every foe of the faith with the weapons of learning and eloquence, which he had so well fashioned and tempered by these sparkling and pure waters, until he should

soar aloft, the eagle of the Queen City of the West. And it is not long before another son of the mountain, already standing at bay among a crowd of fierce assailants, crushing one here and there with his mighty power, and brushing others from his path, goes to the relief of the aged and venerable Dubois, in the great city of the Union, marching steadfastly on his way, seeking no encounters but shrinking from none, sweeping away the meshes of his foes like cobwebs in his path, until scourged slanderers and maligners tremble and grow pale at the echoing voice of the lion-hearted Archbishop of New York.

In the meanwhile, the College progressed under the direction of the Rev. Francis B. Jamison, and the Rev. Thomas R. Butler, until 1838, when the present venerable President took the helm, to guide it to a still higher degree of prosperity than it had yet attained. Of that long period, I may not here speak as I would wish ; but, twenty years ago, I stood within that other well remembered hall, the scene of many an exhibition, concert and reception, the old hall of study, and received with

others from his kind hands, the first diplomas he conferred—to-day I look around me in this beautiful hall, and from yonder terrace, scan the grand proportions of this new range of buildings, I mark the rising walls of that noble Gothic temple, I count the numbers of these crowded ranks of generous youths—and all things speak to me and you, his and his brethren's best eulogium. I have need therefore to be silent. In the future, lies the full development of all that they have done; the fruitage of their rearing and watering is yet to ripen fully, when the youths who have passed through their hands shall have become the matured guides and leaders of their generation. Then, on some other anniversary, shall their names and their pupils be honored as we now honor the memory of Dubois and Bruté, by gathering additional laurels for them, out of the glory and good deeds of those whom they have trained; and all shall even then revert back, under God, to those two heroic and saintly men who first planted here the seed that has already borne such goodly fruit.

Who can measure all the great results of this

holy work? Who can tell how much the progress of this institution has been interwoven with and assisted the growth of the Church in the last fifty years—from its humble and weak beginnings to its present strength and vigor? Glance back upon that gloomy period when hope almost seemed like folly; when, in the rude log huts here, Dubois and Bruté gathered their little classes round them. Foretell, if you are bold enough, the fortunes of those studious and unknown youths! There are men there, who shall fill a nation's eye, and send the echo of their fame across the ocean into the halls of the Vatican. There are men there, who shall carve out great Sees where then no altar was yet reared; who shall build Churches where the Cross had been unknown, or else despised; who shall rear other Colleges where the oaks of the primeval forests were then still untouched; who shall found and complete great Cathedrals, and schools, and hospitals, and orphan asylums, and unnumbered institutions of religion and charity, where yet the poor and humble Catholics hide their destitution in by-ways and alleys. There are

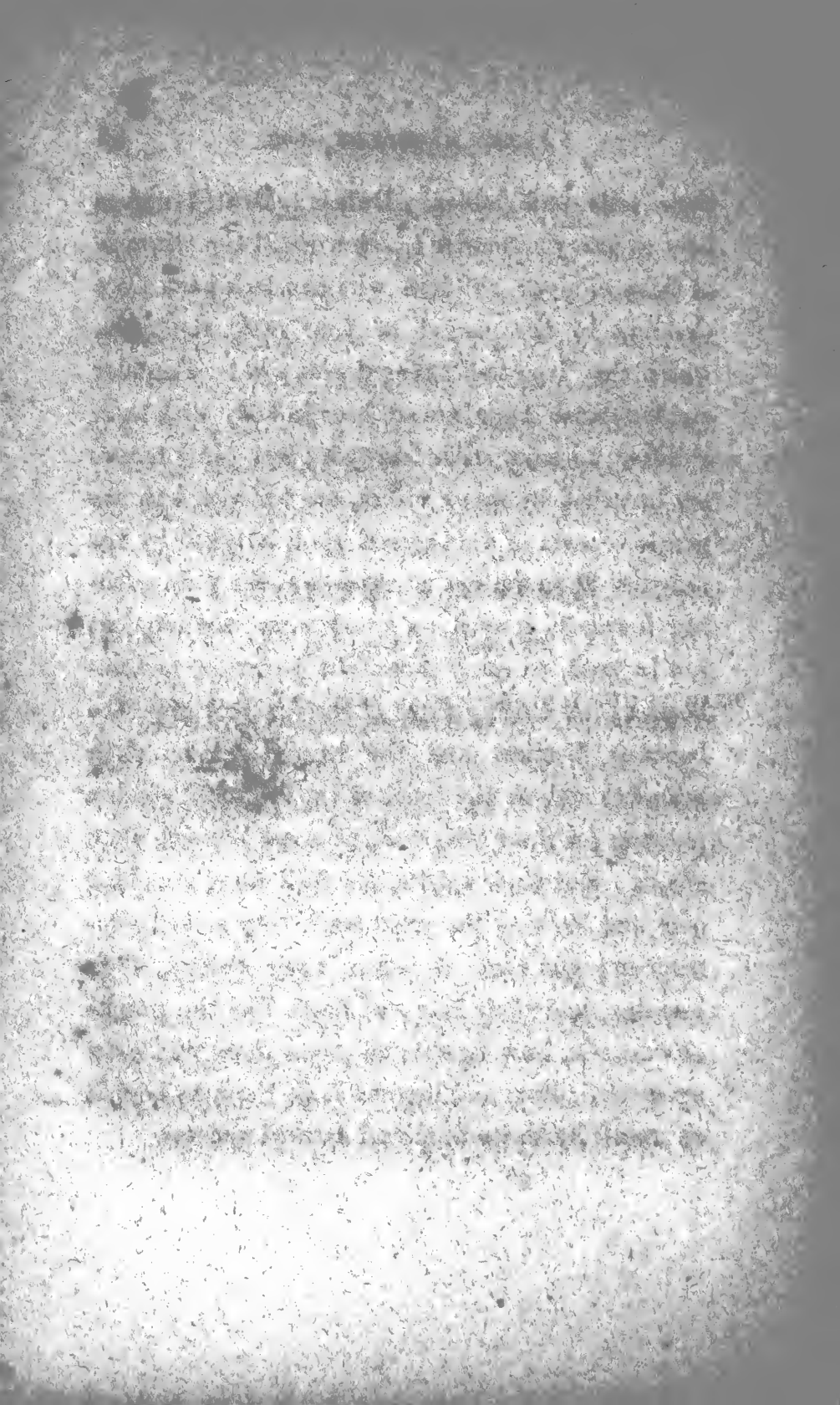
others there, who will remain by the old hearthstone to keep watch and ward, and feed the flame upon the altar of science and religion. Year by year, shall these men go out from the Seminary to their allotted paths. Fifty years ago, Bishop Carroll and his coadjutor, sixty-eight Priests and one hundred and twenty thousand people, in one diocese, formed the Church in the United States. At this day, in its great Hierarchy, there are, of the sons of Mount St. Mary's, two Archbishops and eight Bishops, ruling over ten dioceses and more than six hundred thousand souls. Wonderful fulfilment of the prophetic hopes of the saintly founder ! Out of his toils and labors have sprung great results, growing up gradually, and spreading wider and wider, until on this day his spirit may look down upon us and behold the little commencement which he made to aid the Church, under the hand of God, so swelling its dimensions, that the portion within the rule and guidance of his children has extended to five-fold the whole of its strength and numbers on the day when he laid the first foundations of Mount St. Mary's.

In this period Mount St. Mary's has sent forth, including her two founders, thirteen Bishops and Archbishops, and more than one hundred Priests from her Seminary to swell the ranks of the hierarchy and priesthood ; and two thousand pupils from her classic halls, armed with moral and intellectual training to fit them for the encounters of the world. New York, and Albany, and Brooklyn, and Providence, on the north ; and Vincennes and Cincinnati, and Erie, and Chicago, on the west ; and Richmond, and Wheeling, Savannah, Covington, and Natchez on the south ; have each been bound to this spot by memories of benefits received which will not soon be forgotten. The history of those who have gone to rest after their labors, has been written in their good works, and those who are yet among us are day by day adding to the great records of their usefulness. Who can reckon up the labors of those hundred venerable Priests, and measure the flood of blessings which they have caught up here and poured with lavish hands across the Continent. Imagination cannot compass it, but angels have recorded it. And of

those two thousand youths who have passed through the halls of Mount St. Mary's, whose feet have trodden smooth yonder level terraces, or climbed yon beaten pathway to the mountain Church, how many have pursued the tracks of useful life and earned an honorable reputation ! Some there are whose eloquent voices have been heard in the halls of legislation, or in the crowded forum,—or who, with dignified decorum, have worn the judicial ermine ; some whose names are enrolled among the merchant princes of the land ; some who have won high diplomatic honors ; some who have made themselves names in literature and science ; and some whose manly forms breasted the rude shock of battle, turned back the impetuous charge of hostile masses, and on land and sea poured out their blood beneath their country's flag.

And here pen, voice and sword, judicial ermine, philosophic lore, the cassock, crosier, mitre, all gather and commingle, to add a brighter lustre to the old Mountain Home. Here many hearts return to pay their homage to the Sainted Dead, mindful of the blessings they have received through

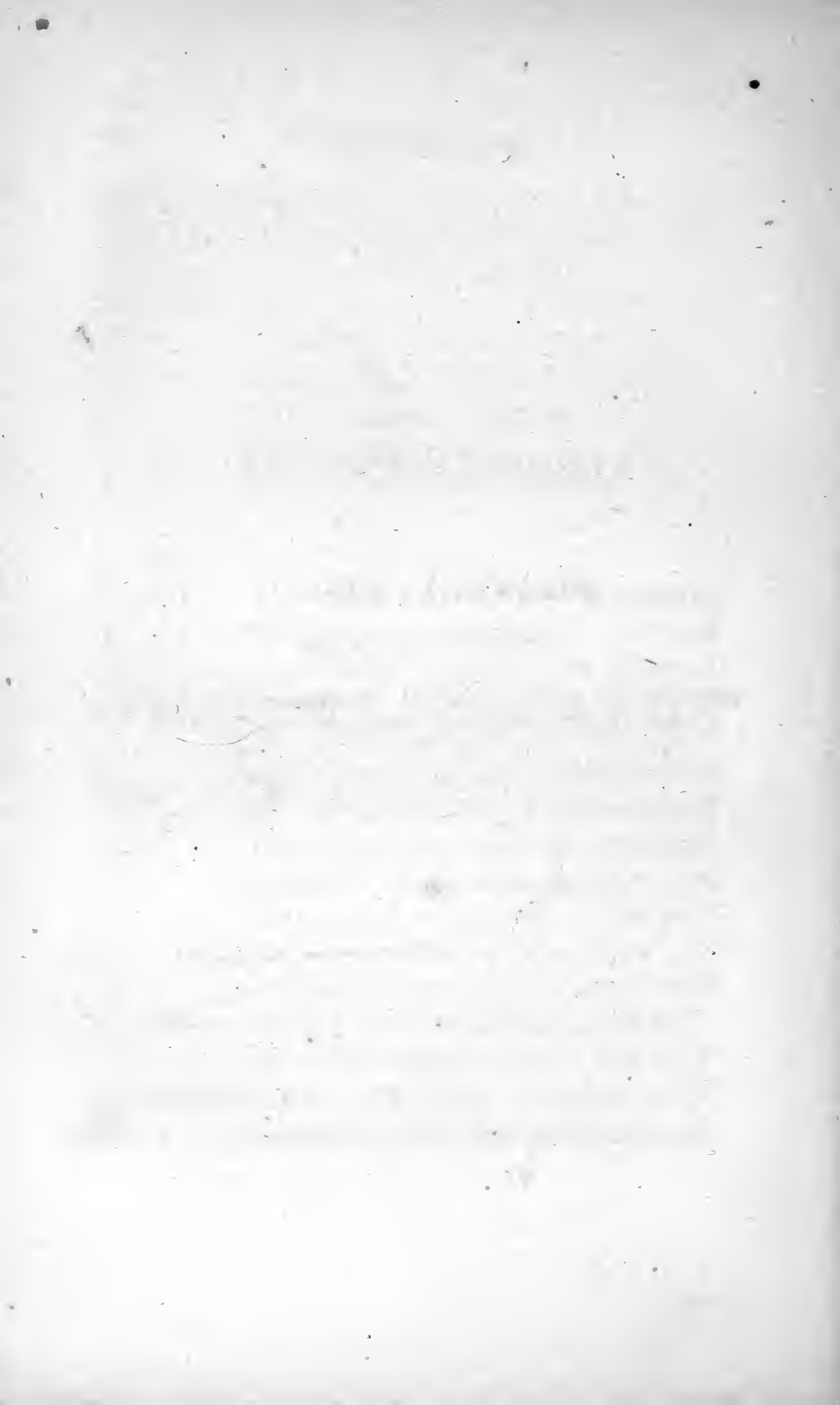
their toils and labors. Dubois ! Bruté ! names holy to many memories ! How great the triumph of those of your children who can look back from this day to the period of your early struggles, which they bore and suffered with you ! Founder and Guardian Angel are not here in body with their children, to enjoy this triumph ; but their names are breathed by many voices, are whispered in the gentle breezes of this sacred spot, hymned by the murmuring mountain streams and the pure gushing fountain, graven on every stone, written, but not in sand, on every mountain pathway, remembered by the wailing dirge of the funereal pine, the bending chestnut and the rugged oak, as their branches sigh at the touch of the mournful winds a requiem for those who walk no more beneath their shade. But their spirits are still here, watching over and blessing the great work they so well commenced ; and their devotion, their energy, their learning, and their love and hope, like the prophet's mantle, have descended upon those who grew up at their feet, and learned from them to bear it on manfully to its final and assured success.



Aladdin's Palace.

BY GEORGE H. MILES, ESQ.

READ AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF MOUNT
ST. MARY'S COLLEGE EMMITTSBURG, MD., OCTOBER 6, 1858.



ALADDIN'S PALACE.

ALADDIN'S Palace, in a single night,
From base to summit rose ere morning light,
A pillared mass of porphyry and gold,
Gem sown on gem, and silk o'er silk unrolled;
So from the dust our young Republic springs,
Before the dazzled eyes of Eastern Kings.
Not like old Rome, slow waxing into state,
The century that freed beholds us great,
Sees our broad empire belt the western world,
From main to main our starry flag unfurled;
Sees in each port where Albion's Sea-Kings trail
Their purple plumes, Columbia's snowy sail.
Three deep the loaded decks our long wharves line,
Three deep on buoyant hoops fast flounces shine,
While thrice three-story brown stone proudly tells
The tale of Mammon's modern miracles,

Marking full fifty places in a square
Where the born beggar dies the Millionnaire.
'Tis not enough with trellised wires to span
Niagara for the steaming caravan ;
'Tis not enough to ravish from the sky
A courier fleeter than Jove's Mercury,
Our course is onward, for our souls are free ;
We ape not Amru pausing at the sea,
The earth o'ercome, let ocean's tides be taught
Submission to the mightier waves of thought ;
We and Britannia governing the rein,
God's wildest creature wears the human chain.

But yet remember, glorious as we are,
Aladdin's Genie left one window bare,
And we, perchance, upon a close review,
May find our Palace lights unfinished too,—
Some slighted panel in the stately hall,
Some broidered hanging stinted on the wall,
Nay, e'en some jewels gone, that graced us when
All men were free here—even gentlemen.
Each age must have a Martyr for its prey—
Authority's the scape-goat of to-day.
Mourn for the Murderer ! Crown the tuneful Fool !
The only sin unpardoned—is to rule.
The bully's blade's the sceptre of the street,
But yet, praise God, the Mayor preserves his seat ;

Bend the meek head to insult and hard knocks,
But mount no guard around the Ballot Box.
Name any wish to any dog in power,
Thrice bid him grant the boon or rue the hour ;
If still the tyrant spurn the just demand,
Cap the Revolver—swing the hissing brand.
What though each fevered wretch for mercy prays,
His death-bed crackling in the midnight blaze—
On with the work—if there be guilt at all,
It was to build, not burn, the Hospital ;
Full half the Press are thundering through the flame,
The Ruler, not the Rebel, is to blame.
Will no kind Atheist come preach and print !
A prudent Papist dare not more than hint—
The world, that feebly damned that savage scene,
May one day miss its Maker's Quarantine.

Waked from her revels, weary of her woes,
France asked a Ruler and a Ruler rose,
No theorist enamored of a dream,
But born and schooled to govern and redeem.
Secure the harvest waved, the vineyard blushed,
E'en envy slept, in waking glory hushed,
As once again the victor eagles flew
And Malakoff retrieved lost Waterloo,
As toward the Tomb the Island Queen drew near
And cancelled Saint Helena—with a tear.

Kings heard a voice, "*Respect the Parvenu,*"
And despots, deaf to all the Red-capped crew,
Started to find, fresh carved upon the throne,
The People's sovereign name above their own.
Need Freedom blush for this? Shall Pierri's shell
Flame 'neath the Chariot and the world cry "Well!"
Oh Albion, never yet thy stout lungs sent
A cheer so faint—so nearly a lament!
Forgotten then the great-coats and canteens,
That warmed thee shivering through Crimean scenes:
Forgotten too the Panthers of Bosquet,
Cresting the hill just ere thy Guard gave way.
Why even we who cried, "*Let Tyrants learn!*"
Hung fewer garlands round Orsini's urn.
The Chief whose arm insulted Law defends,
Crowned or uncrowned, may rank with Freedom's friends:
The knave that schemes all Order's overthrow,
Whate'er the badge he boasts, is Freedom's foe.

Hail Wordsworth, prophet of the rural reed,
The Boy is father of the Man, indeed.
Of all the slaves with whom our country's curst,
PATER-FAMILIAS stands supremely first:
Proud of his bondage, tickled with his chains,
The parent cringes while the stripling reigns.
Down with the Dotard! consecrate the Boy!
Since Age *must* suffer, let bright Youth enjoy.

Drink morning in!—old eyes were meant to wake :
Shake hands with ruin!—old hearts never break.
Welcome the worst—'tis but to close the door
And pack the outlaw to some College-Cure.
Alas! the tutor apes the parent fool,
The idle birch hangs rotting in the school :
Touch the young tyrant—like Olympian Jove
The avenging sire defends his injured love,
Clutches a cowhide, contemplates a suit,
Talks wildly of a martyr and a brute,—
The worst disgrace his free-born son can know
Is not to merit, but receive a blow;
Honor, that prompts the pistol, damns the rod—
Let beasts alone divide the scourge—with God.

Achilles saved, what next? Go home and rear
That up-town palace?—Why, you're never there.
Down by the docks your home is o'er the desk
From morn to night, curled like an arabesque,
Spinning the rich cocoon for child and wife,
Though, like the worm, the tribute cost your life.
Crawl home at midnight, to the basement go,
Hug the lit fender, toast the slippered toe,
One well-earned moment rest the throbbing head,
Though all the ceiling own the Lancer's tread.
Or dare the ball-room, you'll not spoil the feast,
'Tis the old story—Beauty and the Beast :

That Lion leaning o'er my Lady's chair
May start—but *she* will never know you're near.
Perchance some fopling compliments your taste,
His easy arm around Miss Mary's waist,
Admires your Elliott, wonders how he caught
Your mouth's full meaning—"Ah, I re-aul-ly thought
Those *sheep* were Ommegancks!"—Back to your den!
Your girl's far wiser cheek was tingling then.
Better be dead than ope those honest eyes
To half your marble mansion's mysteries.
Press your lone pillow, scheme to-morrow's pelf,
Your daughter, trust her, can protect herself:
Dread neither foreign Count nor native Fool,
Her heart was buried at a Boarding School.
Ah, not for nothing that smooth cheek's decay—
She *knows too much* to risk a runaway.
While beauty lasts, perchance, the Young Moustache
May spoil the cooing of the Man of Cash;
But trust to time—your wrinkled belle will take
Some solid soul—some bank that cannot break,—
And reign the darling of a dull adorer,
Precisely as her mother did before her.

From private morals pass to public taste,
One jewel missing, can the next be paste?
A race of readers we can surely claim
A dozen writers with a world-wide name,—

One drama that can hold the stage a season,
Two actors that confound, not rant with reason,—
A minstrel equal to an average air,
An artist that has brains as well as hair ?
Alas ! the river where the millions drink
Flows from a Helicon of tainted ink,
Lower and lower the darkening stream descends,
Till, lost in filth, the sacred fountain ends.
Who reads *Andréa* ?—here's a penny tale
That melts the milkmaid o'er her foaming pail.
Who weeps with *Luria* that can weekly sob
With all the victims of Sylvanus Cobb ?
To "*In Memoriam*" why trembling turn
When fonder pathos flows from Fanny Fern ?
Why wake the organ wail of *Hiawatha*
When piping Publishers resume the author ?
And what in turn cares genius for the age ?
Boz gaily rattles off his five pound page,
Pendennis lazily dictates his story,
Sure of his pay, superbly dead to glory ;
O'ershadowed Browning, sickening in the van,
Sheds Ariel's wings to roll with Caliban ;
Autumnal Bryant prattles at his Post,
Stern Hawthorne slumbers, in the Consul lost ;
Quick Willis pops the convalescent pun,
Putnam expires in pictured Emerson,—
Though, father Phœbus, still thy splendors shine,
While quivered satire burns in BUTLER's line ;

While Clio deigns with stateliest wing to glide
Down the deep stream that rolls by Sunny Side;
While humor, flashing from the AUTOCRAT,
Saves ten dull essays with one genial chat,
While, scattering song o'er CRAGIE's tranquil waters,
The Western Muse still keeps the old Head Quarters.

But peace to parchment—bid the canvas gleam,
The pen rebellious let the brush redeem.
Imperial Art thy highest hope record!—
Behold a primrose dots the dewy sward.
Raphael dethroned, what triumphs now decree?
The twilight's bronze on blossomed cherry tree.
Madonnas done with, Magdalens forbidden—
Lo, yonder rock in reverend mosses hidden.
Ah, sweet to think when time and reason blight
The budding of the last Pre-Raphaelite,
When Ruskin, that incarnate photograph,
Forsworn, forgot, has laughed his final laugh,
Those wondrous Dresden eyes shall still, as now,
Teach saints to worship, infidels to bow,
That Babe transfigured on the Virgin bosom
Outlive the daisy and the apple-blossom.

Kings rule the East, the Merchant rules the West,
Save round his hearth, supreme his high behest.
For him the captive lightning rides the main,
For him rent mountains hide the screaming train,

For him the placer spreads its golden sands,
The steamer pants, the spicy sail expands;
For him the quarry splits the moaning hill,
For him Laborde imports her newest trill.
Submissive science smooths his lordly path,
States court his nod and Senates dread his wrath:
Erect, undaunted, eager, active, brisk,
A front for ruin, nerve for any risk,
Shy of the snare, impatient of the chance,
The world a chess-board 'neath his eagle glance,
Armed with a Ledger—presto pass—he carves,
And spends ten fortunes where a genius starves.
No robber knight that ever drove a-field
Bore braver heart beneath his dinted shield.
Atilt with fortune, if he win the prize,
The turnpike trembles, marble cleaves the skies,
Or, lost both stirrups, let him bite the plain,
His dying song still “Lobster and Champagne!”

Oh land of Lads, and Liberty, and Dollars,
Oh Nation first in schools and last in scholars,
Where few are ignorant yet none excel,
Where peasants read, and statesmen scarcely spell,
Of what avail that science light the way,
When dwindling Senates totter to decay,—
Like some tall poplar withered at the head,
Our middle green, but all the summit dead.

We do not ask that mind and manners meet—
Utopian dream—in every Justice seat;
In troubled times 'tis not to be expected
That Law and Grammar be at once protected:
We can endure that barristers dispense
Tropes, neither rhetoric nor common sense,
While all the rabble bolt the fluent store
Of broken image, battered metaphor,—
But, great Diana, when we're only known,
In courts where Adams trod and Franklin shone,
By mute Ambassadors who grandly scorn to
Maim any language but the one they're born to;
When laughing Europe vainly would escape
Yankee sublime refulgent in red tape,
Might not the torch that fired the Ephesian Dome
Be well employed—a little nearer home?
Of what avail the boast of steam and cable,
If doomed to grovel neath the curse of Babel?
Low droops our Eagle's eye to find us still
Cowed 'neath his wing—by Albion's gray-goose quill.
Why boast of Britain foiled on Bunker crest,
Her pen still rules the Rebel of the West.
Slaves of her press, our liberty of speech
Is but to echo what her journals preach;
Our Chinese hopes, our Continental news,
Diluted drivel from her worst Reviews;
Our leaders thin decoctions from the Times
Set to the very tune the Master chimes:

Bomba's a beast—Feretti a poor drone—
Austria's young Cæsar tripping on his throne—
The Man of Destiny, a sceptred curse,—
Spain's Queen, a crowned coquette—or something worse ;
In fine, too native for all foreign Muses,
We see creation but as England chooses.

Ye who have sipped the sweet Horatian page,
And burned with Juvenal in Roman rage ;
Ye in whose bosom glows the true antique,
Whose solid armor's laced with genuine Greek,
Whose souls, high reaching to the fountain, find
The classic secrets that still sway mankind,—
What though the public hail with languid praise
Your prim orations or primeval lays ;
What though Reviews, with accents soft as silk,
Skim all your cream and then reject your milk ;
What though your polished pen scarce earn a garret,
While Double Entry points to peace and claret ;
What though the heart, too long condemned to ache
For mocking chaplets, ask but leave to break ;
What though a faction swear no Papal stone
Shall grace a pillar vowed to WASHINGTON—
Toil on !—before the crowning cope is set
That shaft may need some *Roman* Cement yet :
Toil on—toil on—there's no such word as fail,
Heaven sends the wind if we but set the sail :

Toil on,—the world's best laurels only bloom
Above the mound that marks the Martyr's tomb.

Know ye the fields that smoothe the Pilgrim coast,
The lawn's soft slope in azure Ocean lost,
The garden bounded by the billow's foam,
The gables stately as a Baron's home ?
Approach : along the corn-land and the wold
October dies in crimson and in gold ;
That giant elm has scarce a score of leaves
To shade the voiceless nest beneath the eaves.
See the bright Sabbath morning silent break,
Save where the wild-fowl fans his tiny lake,
Save where, with ceaseless wail, the warning sea
Chants its one awful word—" *Eternity.*"
Ah, Seth, unload the rifle—coil the line—
Let the coot fly—the haddock lash the brine—
O'er the mute hills untracked the wild deer run—
The Angler sleeps—thy, Hunter's deeds are done.
Steal in with muffled tread—the struggle past—
Released from thought, the grand brow rests at last,
As rests in Abbey aisle some brave broad shield,
A nation's buckler on the battle-field.
No shroud surrounds him—he has gone to rest,
As heroes love to go, in harness drest :
Folded the hands that never rose in wrath
Unless to sweep a traitor from his path ;

Dim the dark eye before whose rapt command
Disunion, like a spectre, fled the land.
God grant that JULIA's self the father meet
Since JULIA's image may no longer greet !
God guard that willowed slab by MARSHFIELD's wave,
Where *He still lives* beneath his laurelled grave !
God send some faithful heart, some fearless spur,
To fill the void of that one Sepulchre !
The Forum yawns ! Come Curtius, to thy work !
Fate summons the COLLEGIAN—not the Clerk.

Green be the Hero's grave !—But who shall paint
Our greater loss—that purer gem—the SAINT ?
We who are wholly plunged in pious labors,
Who plume ourselves and meekly peck our neighbors,
Whose outward life, so gravely circumspect,
Proclaims—our title clear—the sole Elect ;
We who, knee-deep in spiritual feasts,
Bewail the shallower ecstasies of Priests ;
We who serenely chant the rights of laymen,
While pastors starve and Bishops drudge like draymen ;
We have no sins—no zealots that behold
A Creamcheese in each shepherd of the fold,—
No pale *dévotés* to chronicle the fancies
That gild the seraph lips of Father Francis.
The fiery Frank may fall, the Spaniard slip,
O'er Pagan shafts the stumbling Roman trip,

The sturdy Belgian truckle to the State,
But Yankee Papists are immaculate.
We shrink from Sue and Sand, our only care is
To sigh with Kempis or to sift with Suarez :
With fiction false to faith we never grovel,
Our lightest reading, the religious novel :
We count our soul-refreshing tales by scores,
Where heroes sin not—save in being bores ;
Where heroines sing like controversial linnets,
Converting heretics in twenty minutes,—
Here Agnes answers to the Convent Bell—
There jilted William meditates a cell.
But let a Man stand up and lash the age,
Let reason rule and truth inspire his page,
Let folly quake to hear his lordly tread,
And captive error hang her hydra head ;
Then, just so long as our celestial selves
Escape a drubbing, BROWNSON tops our shelves,
But once the scourge on our own shoulders laid—
Stop the Review !—Gag the gray Renegade !

Yes, praised be type and steam, our blindness o'er
The Catholic world is wiser than of yore.
No simple Barons now corrupt the Church
By leaving rich relations in the lurch ;
No stricken Knight, with half remembered prayer,
Beats his broad breast and makes a Monk his heir,

Fie, fie, Sir Hugo, like a cut-throat live,
Then, dying, *bribe* thy Maker to forgive !
Tempt not the skies with gifts,—*we* never do—
Heaven asks no largess—just a tear or two.
Our peaceful fingers guiltless of the sword,
What call for alms to pacify the Lord ?
The Priest stands ready harnessed—naught to pay—
Since He who gave disdains to take away.
Let pompous heretics by will provide
For School and Mission,—*we* have no such pride.
Enough for us, our earthly errand run,
To pass an untithed purse from sire to son.
Too modest to bestow lest men applaud,
Faith just too feeble to invest with God,
Just zeal sufficient to shun godless knowledge,
And just too little to endow a College,
Hugo may pamper Abbots with his acres,
Ours shall be anybody's—but our Maker's.

In darker Ages, when the morning dews
Of Faith were fresh upon the world, when pews
Were yet unborn, our simple fathers thought—
Such ignorance belongs to souls untaught—
That the true aim of pious decoration
Should be the Minster—not the congregation.

Since then the riper Flock, far wiser grown,
Neat brick and mortar, mimic chiselled stone,
Yon altar angel kneels in florid plaster
Where cherub wings once shone in alabaster.
But let the ceiling gape, the organ jingle,
The lazy spire at last ascend in shingle,—
Glance down the nave—survey the sacred scene—
One billowy sweep of lace and crinoline,
Each tiny hat half hidden in its feather,
Bright as a daisy beaming through the heather—
Out with the Rose or Oriel's lesser lustre,
Here all the colors of the rainbow cluster.
Yet say not Faith hath wholly quenched her fires
When Albany's Twin Minsters lift their spires,
When fast responsive to the Mitre's beck,
Each man stands ready with his cheerful check;
Prompt as the Spartan at his country's call,
A hundred come—a hundred thousand fall.

When the good Caliph all his coffers brought,
And, gem in hand, his turbaned craftsmen wrought
When vainly jewelled with a Kingdom's store,
The unfinished window clamored still for more,
Aladdin called the Spirit that begun
His radiant Palace, and the work was done.

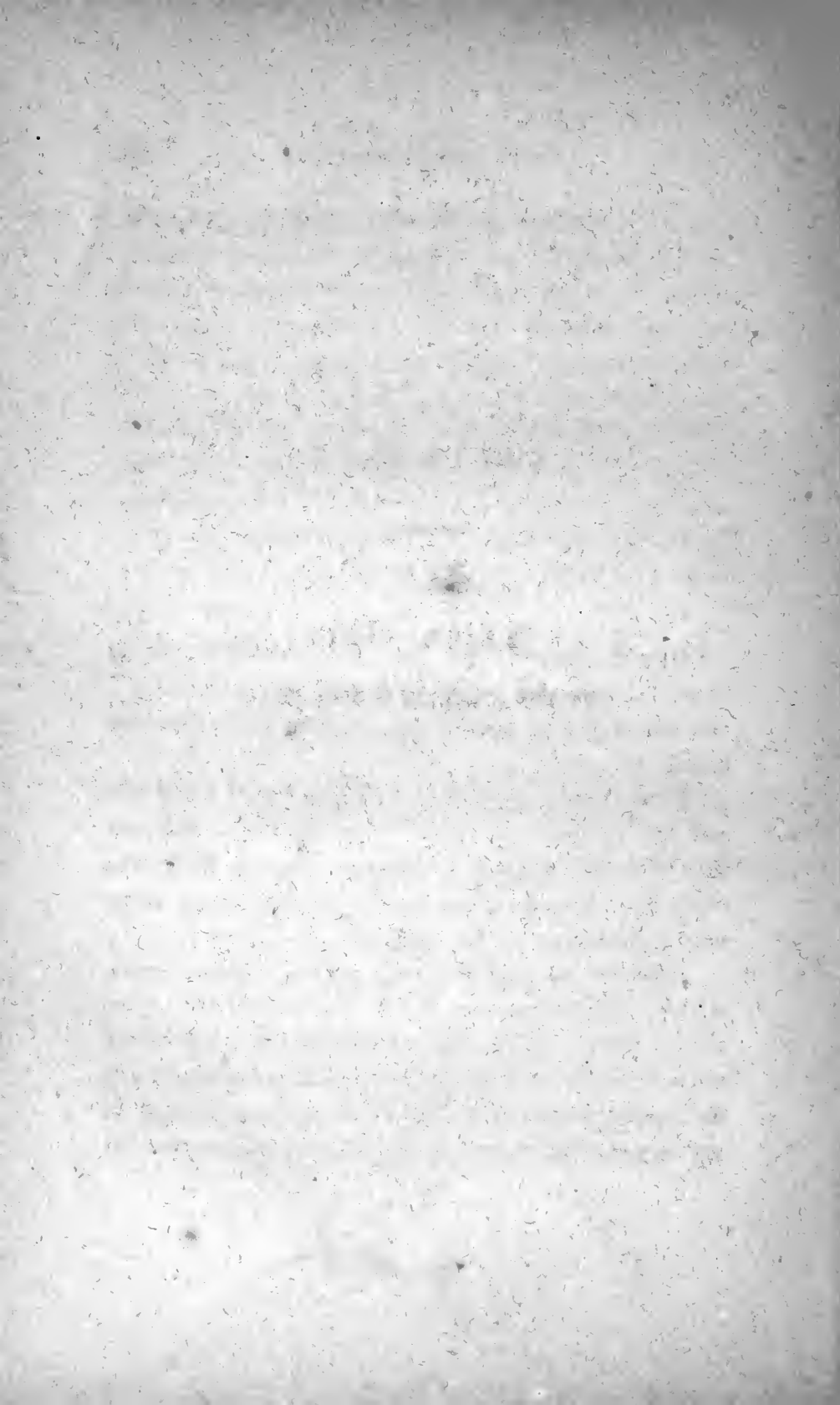
So here the sail may gleam, the minstrel sing,
The Forum close, the victor warrior bring
His wreath,—but still the Temple of our sires
An Artist mightier than man requires.
We too must call our SPIRIT. Glance around—
The terrace at our feet is hallowed ground :
Climb that green hill,—those levelled walks that glide
Around the Chapel—by the torrent's side—
That shaded mound where still the Grotto stands—
All these are relics now, touched by the hands
That led alike the shriven soul to grace,
Or smoothed the frown from Nature's erring face.
Question the valley—hear how oft there trod,
Missal in hand, along the weary road,
A swift, frail shape, on some new mercy bent,
That seemed to smile with angels as it went.
Go farther—pierce the aching world beyond
The circle of those calm blue lines that bound
This Sanctuary—count the mitres—scan
The vast results of that one Heaven-sent man.
Ask mountain laymen deep in stocks or deeds
Why still they wear their medals, tell their beads ;
Ask that gray band of Priests what trumpet call
Beneath Christ's standard ranged and armed them all ;
Ask either Prelate whose command controls
The Christian being of a million souls,

Who first inspired his half unconscious feet
To tread the heights where flamed the Paraclete ?
Hark! Prelate, Laymen, Priest, together say—
The Angel Guardian of the Mount—BRUTÉ.

My friends, Aladdin's Palace needs such men :
The SAINT at work, 'tis finished—not till then

Latin Ode.

BY REV. CHARLES C. PISE, D. D.



L A T I N O D E .



I N T R O D U C T I O N .

ON rising to recite the Latin Ode which it has fallen to my lot to prepare for this extraordinary celebration, I can with difficulty control the emotions that agitate my breast.

Upwards of a quarter of a century ago, I found myself the Professor of Rhetoric and Poetry in this our then youthful Mountain Seminary. Among those who composed my class, I need hardly say, there were many very promising young men and ingenuous boys.

After the lapse of that long period, I appear again, within these classic halls, in my pristine capacity. Once more I put on, as it were, the mantle which I left behind me, and which has been so long in the possession of my distinguished successors: and in the presence of some of my contemporaries, and of this literary and respectable

assemblage, I stand up to deliver an Ode, in the language of the Church, which, I suspect, is more fraught with thrilling reminiscences than classic inspiration. Some of those then promising young men are now illustrious Prelates, and learned Priests of the Church; and some of those ingenuous boys who embraced a secular life, may now be ranked among the distinguished men of the land.

So exciting are the associations and reminiscences that surround me on every side, that I deem it more expedient to stifle my feelings, and proceed, without further introduction, to my somewhat difficult, but yet exceedingly agreeable task.

AD ALUMNOS.

IN MEMORIAM JOANNIS DUBOIS, ET SIMONIS G. BRUTÉ, COL-
LEGII SANCTÆ MARÆ AD MONTES FUNDATORUM.

Non usitato congregimur modo,
His in jugosis atque sacris locis,
Hasque inter umbras hospitales,
Insolitum celebrare festum.

Votis benigni Præsulis obsequens
Almæ Parentis progenies suæ
Aras juventutis Laresque
Magnâ iterum pietate visit.

Sunt qui remotis deveniunt plagis,
Lætique demum, post seriem haud brevem
Annorum, avito ducti amore,
Limina nunc repetunt beata.

Oh ! quæ reductum, musa, nemus colis,
Fons unde jugis splendidior vitro est,
Cujus, die ac noctu, susurrans
Lympha salit gelidis ab antris ;

Tu quæ docebas me, Cytharæ modis
Ardore plenum, carmina fervida
Aptare, lætâ sub juventâ,
Nunc age, numine nunc secundo,

Adsis Poetæ, dum geminos cano
Et litterarum sedis et artium
Hujusce magnos conditores
Carminum perpetuo efferendos.

Clari bonique haud intereunt viri ;
Quamvis eâdem lege necessitas
Imos et altos sortiatur,
Fama manet, moritura nunquam.

Vixêre fortes rebus in arduis,
Duram scientes pauperiem pati,
Nullo fatigati labore,
Et pueris senibusque cari.

Damnosa amorem non minuet dies,
Nunquam paternam eradet imaginem
 Gratis alumnorum repostam
 Cordibus ære perenniore.

Patres videntur quippè superstites
Nobis adesse; agnoscimus undique
 Formas; et audimus loquentes,
 Dùm Zephyris agitatur ær.

Quam dulce, lapsis tot, volucri fugâ,
Annis, juventam, sollicitudinis
 Cujusque, in amplexu Parentis,
 Immemores, renovare nostram!

Sedes beatæ! rura virentia!
Saltus opaci collium, amœnaque
 Vallis, recedentesque rivi
 Montibus, irriguique campi!

Dilecta nobis otia! quæ Patres
Fecêre, quorum jam indomitus vigor
 Silvas humi stravit, ferarum
 Tum latebras, posuitque tecta.

Molis stupendæ exordia cernite,
Cujus per orbem gloria spargitur:
 En Alma Mater, tot, deinceps,
 Eximios genitura natos!

En duræ origo dura propaginis ;
Hinc quanta nostris temporibus bona
 Omniq̃ue derivata sæclo,
 In populum patriamq̃ue manant.

Intaminatus fulget honos Patrum,
Qui sedis hujus mœnia, tam rudis
 Quàm exilis olim, collocabant,
 Amplo hodie spatio patentis.

Tales ahenon monumento egent,
Sculptisve signis marmore ; facta sed
 Præclara, virtutesque raræ,
 Pulchra quidem monumenta stabunt.

Ut sera discat Posteritas, tamen,
Quantis merentur pignoribus decus
 Quod nec futuri ævi silerent
 Lustra, nec attenuet vetustas.

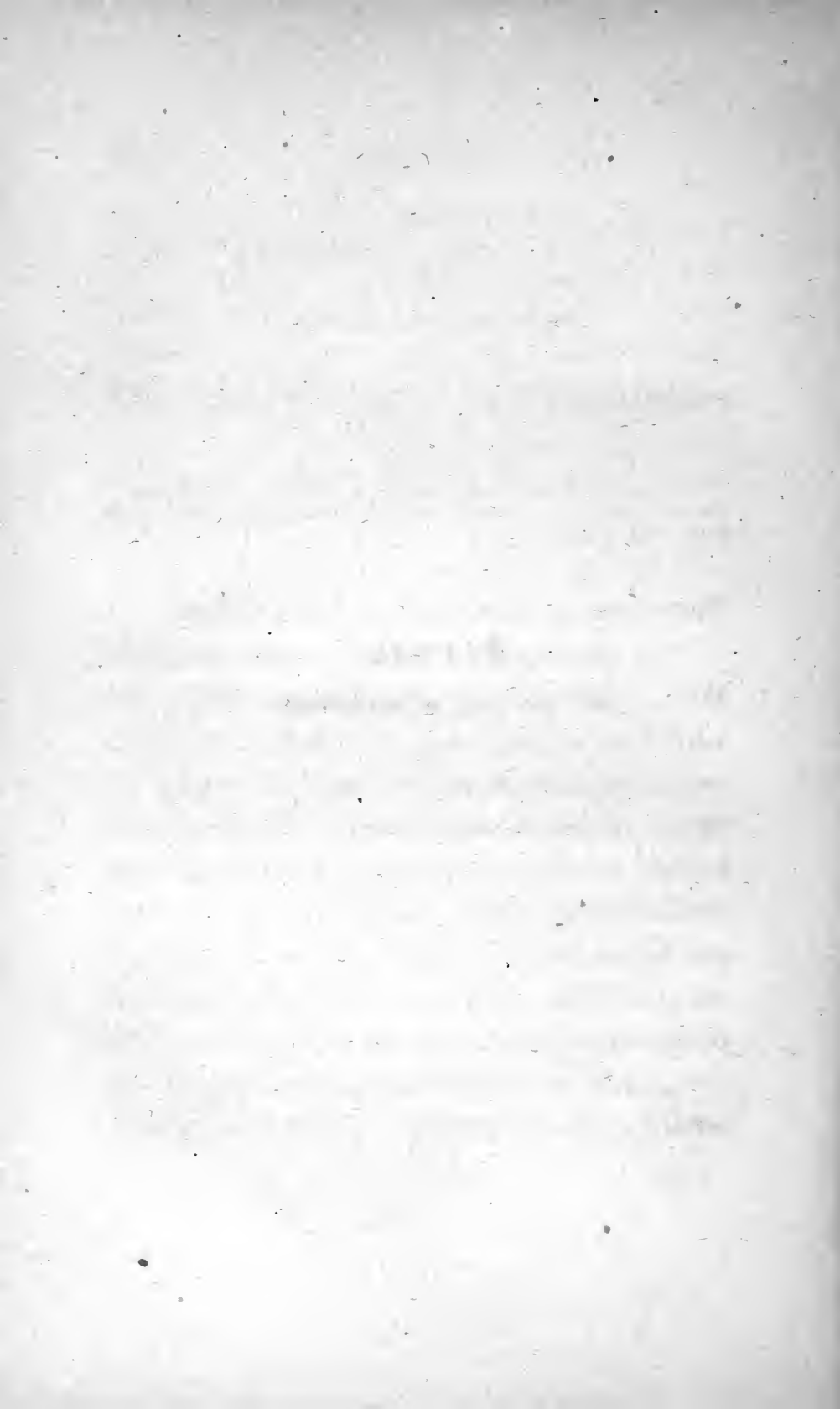
Votiva, faustis auspiciis, Deo
Ædes dicatur, quæ memoret Patrum
 Laudes et immortale nomen,
 Dum steterint juga montis alta.

Hùc turba alumnorum innumerabilis
Sese quotannis conferet, ut preces
 Effundat ante aram, et supinis
 Vota Deo manibus rependat.

Magna æmulari quisque fideliter
Hic gesta discat, dum reputaverit
Exempla Patrum quæ vigeant
Per memores celebranda fastos.

Sermon

OF REV. A. L. HITSSELBERGER.



SERMON OF REV. A. L. HITSSELBERGER.

"Remember your prelates who have spoken to you the word of God; considering well the end of their conversation, imitate their faith."—HEB. xiii.

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS IN JESUS CHRIST:

The pilgrim who scans the noblest basilica of Rome, admires the grandeur of the design, the magnificence of the work, the beauty of the adornments, which symbolize the excellence of his religion. But if, through reverence for the spirit of holiness which abides within its walls, he descends into the crypts which underlie that famous temple, he discovers the origin and type of those upper glories, the treasury of all that his mind esteems and his heart venerates: he peers into "the caves of the earth,"¹ where his fathers prayed, and labored, and suffered, and died: he sees the dark

¹ Heb. xi. —.

and narrow catacombs lighted up with the splendors of that faith which came from God, and swelling into the broad and lofty proportions of prosperous Christianity. Then, as he kneels before the shrine of the twin martyrs of Rome, the unconquered champions of the Cross, he honors the names and memory of Peter and Paul: he acknowledges devoutly that "God is wonderful in his Saints;" that "his friends are made exceedingly honorable, their principality is exceedingly strengthened."¹

And thus, if at the end of fifty years we survey admiringly the fabrics of religion, the institutions of learning, the homes of piety which illustrate and sanctify the land—if we gather into one view the merits, virtues, good works of eminent men, who drew inspiration from a common Catholic source, we need but to visit this sylvan and hallowed spot to find the first idea of these blessed results, the origin of generous impulses and meritorious deeds, the beneficent and exemplary ministry of two humble Priests, the founders and

¹ Ps. lxxvii. 138.

Apostles of Mount St. Mary's, "with one mind laboring together for the faith of the gospel."¹

And standing here to-day, not as aliens but as friends ; not merely as friends, but as kinsmen ; not merely as kinsmen, but as members of the household and children of these saintly men, we cannot fail, as we meditate on the past, to bow down before the majesty of their virtues and the beauty of their lives ; to feel the pathos of their voices, which speak from hill, and dale, and plain, from rock, and tree, and the walls which surround us—nay, from our own hearts, full of sweet memories : "Remember your prelates who have spoken to you the word of God ; considering well the end of their conversation, imitate their faith." We cherish, then, this day, suggestive of holy and grateful thoughts ; we gather around the altar to celebrate it with smiles and tears, as a festival of the heart ; when "we praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation."²

The sentiment of St. Thomas is confirmed by many examples in the Holy Scriptures, that God,

¹ Phil. i. —. ² Eccl. xlv. —.

who proposes the end, inspires the motives, chooses the agents for the accomplishment of enterprises • redounding to his glory, eminently qualifies them for the functions of their high estate. It is less man than God who, by his infused virtue, wrought the wonders of ancient times, in Moses, Joshua, David, Solomon ; and in the Apostles in later days, enlightening them by his wisdom, arming them with his power, “in mensuram plenitudinis Christi,”¹ as the visible hand of the Deity stretched forth luminously from the clouds to magnify his name on the earth. He adopts, at least partially, the same economy in the spiritual as in the material world, in the offices of religion as in the operations of nature, the uses of science and art, the commerce and government of society.

Half a century since a man, silent and musing, stood on these acclivities and planned a great undertaking. When he opened his lips to reveal the thoughts of his heart, listeners questioned him, as men questioned the Apostle of old ; “Who are you ?” He says : “As my imperfect speech betrays,

¹ Eph. iv. —.

a stranger and an exile." "What do you project?"

"An institution which, like the rock at the base of this hill, shall pour forth sweet and copious streams from many mouths." "What means have

you at command?" "My heart is rich in hope, but my hands are empty." "What friends will

aid you in your undertaking?" "I am alone and powerless." "What then is your trust, what

your resources?" He looks upwards, with a rapt and confiding eye, as he answers, "Only God."

The questioners smile at the schemes of the visionary; they predict disappointment and failure.

Why is he sanguine and they doubtful of success?

Ah! "the sensual man perceiveth not the things that are of the spirit of God."¹ "He is of the

earth, earthly," and he limits his thoughts to the surface on which he treads: or, if he looks higher,

it is only at the horizon, where earth mingles with sky, and even celestial objects are distorted through

a misty medium. But that "man of God minded the things that are above, not the things that

are on the earth:"² he gazed on the heavens

¹ 1 Cor. ii. — ² Col. iii. —

where his father dwelt, and whence in other days, and on his native soil, a sound reached his ears ; “Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father’s house, and come into the land which I shall show thee. And I will magnify thy name, and thou shalt be blessed.”¹ He had obeyed that command, without repugnance or demur. Was the promise made void ? Let the Almighty answer ; “I have given my spirit upon him. It showed him the kingdom of God, and gave him the knowledge of holy things, and accomplished his labors.”² And what was that spirit ? Faith, my brethren ; faith, the life of John Dubois. “The just man lives by faith.”³ That faith had taught him to know God and his own soul ; to study the end of his being and the relations which bind man to his Creator ; to conform his interior and exterior to the teachings of religion. That faith determined him to consecrate himself, like another Samuel, to God, whose grandeur he adored, whose beauty he admired, whose providence he loved, whose glory he longed to pro-

¹ Gen. xii. —.² Isaiah xlii. Wis. x. —.³ Heb. x.

mote in the salvation of souls: "making known the odor of the knowledge of Jesus Christ in every place."¹ This faith inspired him with a love of the virtues becoming his age and state; of prayer, study, labor, seclusion; of purity, and gentleness, and obedience—winning man's smiles and God's favor. This faith of the just man, lifting him above the world, whose worthlessness he discerned, whose blandishments he resisted, bade him abandon country, and home, and kindred, and friends, and "all things to follow Jesus Christ;" crying out with the martyr Ignatius, "I desire none of these things which are seen." And why? Because, says St. Paul, "the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."² Like the stream hurrying to the deep sea, like the flame upleaping to the purer sky, he sought "the substance of things hoped for: he looked to the reward."³ And what was that? With St. Thomas, when he was asked by the Almighty what reward he would have, he answered; "None but thyself, O Lord."

¹ 2 Cor. ii. —.² 2 Cor. iv. —.³ Heb. x. xi. —.

But was this faith nominal, inert, dead ? Ah ! he knew that God had said to his minister : “ Thou shalt not appear empty before me.”¹ He knew that God had “ chosen and appointed him to bring forth fruit, and that that fruit should remain.”² He knew that, though he had all gifts and worked all miracles, “ without charity he was nothing.” He knew that the life and soul of the saints was “ faith working by charity : ”³ that faith which overcame the world, crowded the earth with trophies, and sounded the pæan of victory over hell. And as actions spring from love, love from esteem, esteem from frequent reflection on the honor, and gain, and delight, to be obtained in the divine service, he deemed, with a thoughtful appreciation of heavenly things, no labor excessive, no hardship intolerable, no sacrifice impossible for him who “ lives in the faith of the Son of God.”⁴ Where is the chronicler to relate the triumphs of his apostleship in a wide and rugged region—the merits of his disinterestedness, self-denial, zeal, patience, charity,—the heroism of that missionary

¹ Exod. xxiii. —. ² John xv. —. ³ Gal. v. —. ⁴ Gal. ii. —.

life, "sanctifying the gospel of God among the gentiles,"¹ by which he could say: "We exhibit ourselves as ministers of God, in much patience, in tribulation, in necessities, in distresses, in labors, in watchings, in fastings, in chastity, in long-suffering, in sweetness, in the Holy Ghost, in charity unfeigned, in the word of truth, in the power of God. As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, as needy yet enriching many, as having nothing and possessing all things."²

The world decrees an apotheosis to its fallen chiefs, and reels like a drunkard with joy over the showy history of their achievements. But for this "hidden man of the heart, who had not run in vain, nor labored in vain,"³ this humble, faithful Priest, there is no voice, no record, no memorial. The lonely stream, the dark morass, the tangled wood, the mountain path, are silent; and town, and hamlet, and farm-house, the scenes of his apostolic labors, but faintly echo his name. His deeds are not blazoned on vellum, nor printed in books, nor graven on enduring brass and monu-

¹ Rom. xv. —. ² 2 Cor. vi. —. ³ 1 Pet. iii. Phil. ii. —.

mental stone. What then? Oh! happier lot: they are written on the souls of men; they are inscribed on the book of everlasting life; they are treasured in the heart of God. Could sympathy, pure and sincere, be expressed; could love and gratitude, in testimony of good works, be revealed, the living would proclaim his praises with glowing tongues: the dead would arise from their graves to attest his virtues, to salute him as a true evangelist, to syllable his name as the friend, and teacher, and guide, and consoler, who had sanctified and saved them. "Be patient, therefore, brethren, till the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth."¹

By this ordeal God tried "his faith, more precious than gold which is tried by the fire;"² tried him and found him worthy of himself."³ Could the father then refuse the son what he desired? "Because thou hast done this I will bless thee."⁴ Behold him "now according to the grace of God which was given to him, a wise architect, laying

¹ James v. —. ² 1 Pet. i. —. ³ Wis. iii. —. ⁴ Gen. xxii. —.

the foundation”¹ of his projected work. To his experienced eye a twofold want was manifest,—the want of instruction for the young laic whose destiny is cast in the world ; the want of instruction for the Levite who is called to minister at the altar,—a twofold want which he deplored and studied to supply. When the spring is poisoned, can the stream be pure ? Can the fruit be sound and wholesome when the worm imbeds itself in the green core ? If “the child is father of the man,” the corruption of the young is an immitigable curse. The world was yet aghast at the horrors which had clouded the sunny land of France with the hot breath of blood and of torrents of tears : and to the perversion of her children, uneducated or indoctrinated with execrable principles, the moralist, and patriot, and Christian, mainly ascribed that dire catastrophe which had involved, in one ruin, the blessings and hopes of religion, national prosperity, social honors, domestic peace and happiness. The future founder of Mount St. Mary’s had seen the misery which

¹ 1 Cor. iii. —.

he could not alleviate ; the wounds which he could not heal. Like Jesus Christ, "seeing the city he wept over it."¹ But he could prove the benefactor of his adopted country by averting or diminishing the same evils which menaced our Catholic population. Permitted to grow up unrestrained, and in ignorance of essential truths, it must needs become a perverse generation ; educated in cities, where the heart, from the relaxation of parental authority and the enjoyment of inappreciable political franchises, is tempted to riot in the luxury of freedom ; and in schools, where bigotry is rampant or religious instruction ignored ; where system, association, example, conversation, studies, amusements, unnoticed by a guardian eye and uncontrolled by a friendly hand, lie like coiled vipers in the path of the inexperienced and unwary, deadly mischief is inflicted, error becomes endemic, vice hereditary. He foresaw this, he feared it ; "his spirit, like Paul's, was excited within him, seeing the city given up to idolatry."² And lo ! a College rose in the midst of the wood ; unadorned

Luke xix. ² Acts xvii. —.

with façade, or peristyle, or cupola, to make it imposing without ; devoid of modern elegances, to make it attractive within ; a long, low, rude log-house, like the hunter's lodge on the confines of civilization. But what was this to the light-hearted and hardy race which occupied it ? Was it not the dwelling of the good, and amiable, and happy ; of a father and his children,—children received into arms as tender, and to a heart as loving, as those from which they came ? Was it not the home of generous sensibilities, and sympathies, and friendships ; the repository of science, art, and letters ; the sanctuary of religion and fruitful piety ? There, with the hum of glad voices and the sound of classic recitations, were heard from a good man's lips, purified by celestial fire, the words of holiest instruction and the accents of fervent prayer. Is this a phantasm of the brain or a dream of the night ? After the lapse of years, it comes vividly before the mind's eye, as if we still moved and had our being in those familiar and endearing scenes ; like the chambers of cities in Southern Italy disinterred to the light, wearing freshly the

habits of domestic life, as of yesterday ; and echoing, it seems, with the footsteps of recent inmates. It is a blessed reality : though the old College has mainly disappeared, and many of the sojourners of that epoch are slumbering in their graves. Let us glance at the past. Adopting the admirable and well-tried system of his own country, our dear old father offered, in this pure and secluded abode, the advantages of a solid scholarship with the accomplishments, in time, which give it grace ; combining the pride of the Academy with simple forms ; the dignity of the Professor with the frankness of home intercourse ; the vigilance of the Prefect with the honesty of the friend ; the reverence of the student with the confidence of the child. And thus he united his pupils in the sheaf of hearts, himself the wreath which held them bound : with talent, tact, kindness, affection ; with order, discipline, and exactness ; with a smile and a frown at times struggling for the mastery on that benevolent face ; with counsel for the ignorant, encouragement for the diligent, reproof for the idle, cor-

rection for the perverse ;—"all to all,"¹ priest, father, friend, president, teacher, companion, "a pattern of the flock from the heart."² Ah ! "we know what manner of man he was among us for our sakes."³

Now in the class room, or the study room, mindful of his own collegiate honors, and of the noble use which he had made of his attainments, he descanted on the excellence and utility of learning ; but he admonished us, "that all men are vain in whom there is not the science of God ; that with knowledge which puffeth up, professing themselves to be wise they become fools ;"⁴ that the science of men and the science of the saints must be ever side by side, like the twin stars in the zodiac, shining with simultaneous and blended radiance on the earth. Now in the play-ground and in their merry pastimes, he suddenly appeared among his pupils,—half awed, half delighted by his presence—till bright smiles, and winning words, and sportive acts, chased away diffidence, in the sense of his benignity : "we become little ones in the

¹ Cor. ix. —. ² 1 Pet. v. —. ³ 1 Thess. i. —. ⁴ Wis. xiii. ; 1 Cor. viii. Rom. i. —.

midst of you, as if a nurse should cherish her children.”¹

See him at the evening exercise of “*spiritual reading*,” as he opened his heart to show its goodness and moral beauty to the assembled family ; spoke so feelingly of our native land, and the permanent home to which we were journeying ; marked the path which led to this happy end—the means to aid, the obstacles to impede, our steps ; the virtues to be cultivated, good works to be performed ; passions to be controlled, habits corrected, vices extirpated :—by which life would be made pleasant and profitable ; death, sweet, calm, fraught with immortality : or again in this venerable Church, whose floors were sanctified “by the feet of him that preached the gospel of peace ;”² whose walls cry out from every stone, “the good and comfortable words which he spoke,”³ when, Sunday after Sunday, the devoted shepherd fed his flock with sweet and wholesome herbage ; gave to his youthful charge homilies on which the wise might meditate and grow wiser ;

¹ 1 Thess. ii. —. ² Rom. x. —. ³ Zach. i. —.

homilies on religious and moral duties, on the love of God and our neighbor—sober, yet deeply interesting, artless yet persuasive ; and thus, whilst “ he commanded his children and his household after him to keep the way of the Lord, and do judgment and justice,”¹ forming the pious Catholic and Christian gentleman, the Patriot and the Saint. Oh ! if we may apply to him the language applied to his Divine master, “ was not our heart burning within us, whilst he was speaking to us in the way ? ”²

Can we forget him, when we knelt confidingly by his side to pour into his fatherly breast the confession of our faults ; when he counselled, consoled, encouraged, absolved us ; and we went forth wiser and better, assured that “ virtue had gone out from him, and that he had healed us ? ”³ Can we forget him at the altar, where “ he offered to God a sacrifice by which he obtained a testimony that he was just,”³ and prayed fervently for the children whom, like Moses, he was leading through the desert of life to the promised land ? Can we for-

¹ Gen. xviii. —. ² Luke xxiv. : vi. —. ³ Heb. xi. —.

get him when, like the same leader of an elect people, "signed with the light from the countenance of God,"¹ he fed us with the waters of Horeb and the manna from above? Can we forget him on that memorable day of our first communion, when renewed in his happy youth, flushed with a divine enthusiasm, melted into tears of tenderness, he permitted to gush forth the emotions of his soul, and, like Elias, called down fire from Heaven on the coldest heart, to make it a holocaust acceptable to God? But above all, can we forget him in the priceless boon which he gave us in the knowledge and love of Mary, the immaculate Queen of angels and men? Oh! did he not love her, extol her, serve her? Mary, whose name is uttered by every tongue, treasured in every breast, honored in all devotions, praised and exalted in all actions, within this consecrated domain,—Mary, the patroness of this institution and the mother of all its children, is our friend and benefactress, because she was his; our heritage, because his treasure; "the seal which he bade us put on our arms and

¹Ps. iv. —.

on our hearts.”¹ “Where our treasure is, shall not our hearts also be?”²

Pardon, my brethren, the mention of self, in view of that incomparable blessing to which I cling with a fond and grateful devotion. If there is a memory charged with recollections of Mary’s goodness ; if there is a heart which ought to throb with a sense of Mary’s unceasing love, I may venture to say they live and beat in him who now addresses you. In the vicissitudes, and labors, and dangers, and sorrows of many years, no one, perhaps, has drawn larger draughts than he from the fountains of God’s mercy ; no one, perhaps, more than he, has received light in darkness, strength in weakness, solace in affliction, indulgence in his errors : and when he looks up inquiringly for the Comforter, Advocate, Dispenser, to whom, under God, he is indebted for all these graces, he sees the face of the gentlest of mothers, whose eye is beaming on him, whose hand is stretched forth to succor him, whose voice, soft and persuasive, whispers in his ear, “In me is all grace of the way and

¹ Cant. viii. —.

² Matt. vi. —.

of the truth ; in me is all hope of life and of virtue. I love them that love me. I walk in the ways of justice, that I may enrich them that love me. He that shall find me, shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord.”¹ How, then, can I fail to love her, bless her, publish her praises ? Yes ! O Mother, purest and dearest ! the tongue must be palsied, and the heart be frozen in the grave, when I cease to own thee as guardian and benefactress ; when I forget *him*, the devout client, the father of my youth, who taught me to know thee, salute thee, claim thee, as “ our life, our sweetness and our hope ! ”

The College of Mount St. Mary’s was established, but the venerable founder had not yet obtained “ his heart’s desire.”² The work was incomplete ; the body needed a soul, to produce union of faculties and perfection of design. An institution for the education of young ecclesiastics, was a higher object, worthy of his ambition and his love. He saw before him an abundant harvest of souls. Nay, with a prophet’s ken, pen-

¹ Prov. viii. ² Ps. xx. —.

etrating the future, he saw the boundless expanse of golden grain waving for the mowers : but alas ! the laborers were few. He knew that "faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God ;"¹ but without men to preach that word,—duly selected, trained, sent,—the world could not be evangelized nor souls saved. Now this work demanded, for successful accomplishment, rare merits, eminent virtues, constant and self-denying agents. The very name of Seminary and Priest imports a character of excellence, imposes gravest obligations. Who was to direct the one, to animate the other ? Where was the master artist to choose the block from the quarry, and chisel it into the form, and grace, and energy, of life ? It is an engrossing labor, and, though competent himself in knowledge and virtue, earnest in the grand conceptions of a brave and resolute heart, he could spare little time from multiplied duties, but to superintend the plan and co-operate in the execution of the undertaking. What was he to do ? "It was necessary that he should have a Priest,

¹ Rom. x. —.

holy, innocent, separated from sinners ; a prudent and faithful servant, whom the Lord would place over his family ; a man filled with the Holy Ghost, attending to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine ; whose lips should keep knowledge, and at whose mouth men should seek the law.”¹ Who will be his helper ? He has no misgivings, but, like Abraham, exclaims ; “ God will provide.”² And God did provide. We read in the 4th Book of Kings, as follows : “ And Jehu, the king of Israel, found Jonadab, the son of Rechab, coming to meet him, and he blessed him. And he said to him : Is thy heart right as my heart is with thy heart ? And Jonadab said, It is. If it be, he said, give me thy hand. He gave him his hand. And he lifted him up to him in the chariot. And he said : Come with me and see my zeal for the Lord. So he made him ride in his chariot.”³ In like manner, God, who had associated for a great purpose these men of upright will—Jehu anointed by Elias to destroy the house of Achab, figure of the wicked ; and Jonadab, the father of a

¹ Heb. vii. Luke xii. 1 Tim. iv. Mal. ii. —. ² Gen. xxii. —.

³ 4 Kings x.

saintly progeny—who, in subsequent times, sent his disciples two by two before his face to teach and bless the world, brought to John Dubois, in his exigencies, a friend, and brother, and coadjutor. Who was this new Jonadab? Simon Bruté, “beloved of God and men:” whose name thrills our souls; “whose memory is in benediction.”¹ But who and what was Simon Bruté? A gifted child of God, a vessel of election, an apostle of Christ, in whom scholar, priest, and saint, may be regarded as synonymes. From earliest days “he had been nursed up in the words of faith and of good doctrine,”² with singular purity of heart; and his youth was proved and confirmed in holiness, amid scenes of terror which appalled the most robust spirit, and deeds of impiety which led the old and the wise astray. The trial matured his thoughts and feelings into masculine virtue, as the intense heat of the sun forces the vegetation of northern climates into rapid and luxuriant growth. Moving, a young confessor of the faith, through tragedies which sundered rudely the tenderest ties, and

¹ Eccl. xlv. —. ² 1 Tim. iv. —.

exposed the vanities of earth, he communed often with God : enlightened, invigorated by the graces of Religion, like St. Francis Xavier, meditating on that pregnant question, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"¹ he dedicated himself to a higher service, and began to exercise himself in the humility, self-abnegation, and zeal for God's glory, which signalized his entire life. If we pause to ask, to whom, apart from the grace of Jesus Christ, he owed these normal ideas, these pious sentiments, that magnanimity which prompted him to cast aside scholastic laurels, the distinction of an honorable profession, the preferments proffered by the hand of power, and the secular aggrandizement which eminent talents, education, and integrity, qualified him to win, saying, "what things were gain to me, those I have counted loss for Christ;"² we find as answer, another Eunice, worthy of the praises of the Apostle, when she had consecrated her child to his Creator ; we learn that, like Gregory of Nazianzen, Augustine, Thomas of Aquin,

¹ Matt. xvi. —. ² Phil. iii. —.

Bernard, Francis of Sales, and a host of great and holy men, he drew these recreative and sustaining lessons from the fountain of a saintly mother's love. To her admirable counsels and ministrations he ever turned with grateful tenderness. And shall we not unite our homage to his, to honor that noble-minded woman, that loyal mother? The mother! Ah! we know the meaning of that familiar word, sweeter than honey to the mouth, than music to the ear; a simple history of home and its endearments, of sleepless devotion, of multiplied anxieties, and labors, and sacrifices, which we read and re-read, through long lapses of time, till our eyes are filled with tears and our hearts are overflowing with emotions of joy and grief. All else may fade away, all else be corrupted, all else be forgotten; but the vision of the mother, in darkness, never grows dim: her influence is always pure and ennobling, amid our very wanderings; her memory is ever-green and living, in the vicissitudes of life, in the blight of our affections, and over the grave of our hopes. The mother! O visible providence of God, alleviating the sorrows

of our race ;—sign and assurance that man is divine in his origin and end ;—character uneffaced of original justice ;—bond of union still unbroken of heaven and earth, of the creature with the Creator !

Overleaping times and places to which we cannot advert, though they are full of interest and instruction to all, we mark the epoch when, “lifting his eyes to the mountain of God, which he was worthy to ascend,”¹ this great and good man assumed his post in the ecclesiastical Seminary of Mount St. Mary’s. It was my happiness, and yours, brethren of the olden time, to draw wisdom from his lips, “in those days when the wells of water flowed out.”² “You know how he taught us, teaching the things which concern Jesus Christ.”³ Viewing him as the possessor of rare intellectual powers, comprehensive, tenacious, clear, analytic ; as a student exploring, with quick eye and steadfast intent, the mysteries of science—severely diligent in his habits, at cost of comfort, food, and sleep ; as a scholar rich in “the treas-

¹ Ps. xxiii. —.

² Eccl. i. —.

³ Acts xx. —.

ures of knowledge and understanding of justice,"¹ yet, like Moses, "instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians,"² we might marvel still at his varied acquirements, his elegant accomplishments, his immense erudition, which seemed to embrace mind in all its extent, and matter in all its modifications, "*ludens in orbe terrarum*,"³ did we not know that, like St. Bonaventure, he could point to the Crucifix as his teacher, or, like St. Thomas Aquinas, acknowledge that he owed more to prayer than to study, more to heaven than to earth.

With what prodigality of learning he quickened and illustrated the principles which he had educated with dexterous hand, in his sermons, lectures, conversations, letters ; sublime yet humble, eloquent yet unaffected ; eager to communicate to others "the knowledge of a wise man, which abounds as a flood ;"⁴ but, like St. Augustine, "seeking Jesus Christ in his books," and "making us fit ministers of the New Testament, not in the letter but in the spirit !⁵ Be zealous for the better gifts. And I yet show you a more excellent

¹ Eccl. iv. —. ² Acts vii. ³ Prov. viii. —. ⁴ Eccl. xxi. —.

⁵ 2 Cor. iii. —.

way.”¹ What was this way ; what this spirit ? The way and the spirit of the true ecclesiastic. None impressed on his disciples more strenuously, yet gently, amiably, with the frankness of the Apostle and the unction of the Saint, the remembrance of their dignity and duties, as the salt of the earth, the light of the world, the lamps of the sanctuary, the ambassadors of the Most High, the ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God. Because none perceived, with an acuter vision, the character of a divine priesthood ; the vocation which singles us from the throng to be associated with God ; the solemn vows which bind us irrevocably to his service ; the august titles and honors which surpass all the dignities of earth ; the sublime functions which we perform in the sanctification of souls ; the excellent virtues which we are bound to exhibit in the person of Christ, as his apostles and vicars. Because none felt more deeply the necessity of faithfulness in the Priest, who ought to be distinguished by the purity of his life, as well as by the sanctity of his office ; less by his immunities than by his virtues ;

¹ 1 Cor. xii.

a man dead to the world and his passions, nailed to the Cross with Jesus Christ, pledged in all actions and through all trials, to glorify God in the salvation of souls. And he thus thought, and felt, and spoke, because "the law of his God was in his heart;"¹ because that law affected his conduct; as the pomegranate, when its pulp is ripe and crimson, tinges the exterior of the fruit with a ruddy hue, in sign of its maturity.

We read in the life of St. Francis Borgia, that when he addressed immense crowds in Spain and Portugal, those who were beyond the reach of his voice were as much affected as those who heard him distinctly; by the evidences of sincerity and holiness which shone in his actions and countenance. And thus all who beheld Simon Bruté, not only at the altar and in the pulpit, but in the intercourse of life, could say of him what Enodius said of a Roman Consul, but with more pertinency and truth, "*illum vidisse erudiri est*," the spectacle of his life is a perfect lesson:—for when we image anew that attenuated figure, and thin,

¹ Ps. xxxvi. —

pale visage, marked less by the hand of time and sickness than by the wear of a twofold mortification ; that air of modesty and thoughtfulness, which subdued every feature and limb into edifying repose ; that mild, benignant look, which spoke more than words the feelings of a considerate, charitable, humble heart ; that posture of rapt attention and devotion in the exercise of prayer and the rites of religion ; those movements significant of a divine charity, which kindled his eye with ecstasy and winged his speech with flame, when God was his theme and man's salvation his object ;—we know that all this was the reflection of his soul and of the practical virtues of a man of God ; “ an example of the faithful in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in chastity, in doctrine, in integrity, in gravity, in good works.”¹ What is the record of his life but holiness—what your testimony but admiration and praise ? Need I remind you of that profound humility which “ sought not his own glory,”² in the honors of the world and the good opinions of men ; which urged him to

¹ Tit. ii. ² John viii. —.

bury his merits in silence and solitude, under the shadows of the Cross ; to court rebuffs, and contempt, and lowest places ; to submit to the government of his juniors in years and inferiors in every thing ; to perform menial offices and harden his hands with toil ; to serve mass with the meekness and docility of a child ; to abase himself by apologies, and seek on bended knees the pardon of his petulant scholars ? Need I speak of his self-denial, the offspring of humility and love, crushing mind, and heart, and senses, with the rigorism of the ancient Ascetics ; studying in all “ only Jesus Christ, and him crucified ? ”¹ Need I recall his earnest and touching piety, which made the Church his dwelling, the altar his refuge, the offices of religion his personal functions, good works his daily occupations, prayer his refection, love a necessity, union with God his very life ? Need I tell you of his charity, and zeal, and longanimity, which knew no bounds to impede, no difficulties to deter, no unkindness to weary, no ingratitude to revolt ; which “ counting his life not more precious than

¹ 1 Cor. ii. —.

himself, in order that he might spend himself for the souls of his brethren, though loving them more he was loved less,"¹ made these mountains and valleys fruitful in virtue ; when he sowed in hope, watered with love, reaped in joy ; and rendered the name of Simon Bruté immortal, as the guardian of orphans, the consoler of widows, the father of the poor, the healer of broken hearts, the reclainer of wandering sinners, the pastor, and friend, and benefactor, of all who sought counsel, comfort, strength, encouragement in life and support at death, of his large and bountiful heart ? What more am I to say of a holy life, which a thousand memorials around us recall ; the grottoes which he formed for prayer ; the winding paths which he scarped on the hill-side for meditative feet ; the rocks which he piled into oratories for the image of our sweet mother, and crowned with the cross of her son ; the grave-yard where he watched among the cherished dead : and oh ! better still, the spiritual riches of his children, who owe to him their knowledge and strength in this life, the ex-

¹ Acts xx. 2 Cor. xii.

pectation of a very great reward in the life to come ; who here continue his ministry, “ according to the pattern which he showed them on the mount,”¹ or have gone forth to proclaim the efficacy of his precepts, and diffuse the sweet odor of his example ; to bear high and glorious, as a banner of victory, the memory of his life, and sound his name on earth as a watchword which is triumphantly echoed in Heaven. Shall we number them, individualize them ? Cast your eyes over the broad ranges of our country, where, in the highways and by-ways, “ rich men in virtue, studying beautifulness, have gained glory in their generation ; ”² where schools, colleges, convents, churches, asylums, hospitals, institutes, confraternities, and the piety of congregations, are “ signs of apostleship wrought in wonders and mighty deeds : ”³ nay, “ since the glory of a man is from the honor of his father,”⁴ look at this sanctuary, where you recognize “ evangelists, and pastors, and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body

¹ Exod. xxv. — ² Eccl. xlv. — ³ 2 Cor. xii. — ⁴ Eccl. iii. —

of Christ : ”¹ and, above all, illustrious prelates, “ the appointed overseers in the house of the Lord ; ruling over the present people, and by the strength of wisdom instructing them in most holy words ; ”² and tell me if they are not *his* pupils, actuated by his spirit and trained by his discipline, to be the ornaments of society, the friends and benefactors of mankind, the honor and stay of the American Church ? Tell me if they are not his design, his work, the argument of his power, the heritage of his holiness, the living monument of his zeal, which announces to the world that “ God gave him glory in his posterity ? ”³ He has gone from amongst us : but though “ dead, he still speaketh ; ”⁴ speaketh the wisdom which we revere, the love which we gratefully, tearfully, acknowledge ; speaketh as he ever spoke, of God, whom he devoutly worshipped ; of the saints, whose intercession and society he craved for him and us ; of Heaven, where knowledge is made perfect, charity never fails, and the good and the faithful are inebriated with delights. He sleeps,

¹ Eph. iv. —.² 2 Par. xxiii. Eccl. xlv. —.³ Eccl. xlv. —.⁴ Heb. xi.

far away from his mountain home, on the banks of the Wabash, as his venerable brother and compeer on the banks of the rolling Hudson ; where "God bestowed on them a great priesthood, exalted them in the sight of kings, sanctified them in their faith and meekness."¹ "Full of the glory of the Lord is their work : their name continues forever."²

But whilst "their bodies, buried in peace,"³ moulder in distant tombs, their spirits hover over their ancient dwelling, and live in the hearts of all "*true Mountaineers.*" We have come from the North and the South, the East and the West, to tread once more this holy ground ; to renew the inspirations of early years ; to utter laments and praises, to mingle tears and supplications, in testimony of reverence, love, and gratitude, as becomes "children of the saints."⁴

The Church, mindful of man's weakness and God's inscrutable justice, hopeful of mercy, but uncertain of judgments and probations beyond the grave, even for the good, whose praise she declares,

¹ Eccl. xlv.² Eccl. xlii. —.³ Eccl. xlv.⁴ Tob. ii. —.

offers up the divine sacrifice as a memorial of charity, and in expiation of faults of "the souls of the just who are in the hands of God."¹ We devoutly join our voices and prayers to hers, though we would fain exercise those voices with songs of jubilee, and convert those prayers into invocations; in the belief that the founders of Mount St. Mary's, "having fought the good fight, finished their course, and kept the faith, have received the crown of justice as their eternal reward."²

Forgive me, my brethren, if I have ill-expressed the sentiments which stir your breasts and mine. Attempting no biographies, and wandering little beyond the College bounds of our youth, I have spoken measurably less of events than principles, less of salient deeds than of the character which they impressed. But words are histories to you who "know the doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, love, patience, afflictions,"³ of John Dubois and Simon Bruté. If we strike on an instrument but the first notes of an old, familiar song, memory catches the unfinished

¹ Wis. iii. —.

² 2 Tim. iv —

³ 2 Tim. iii.

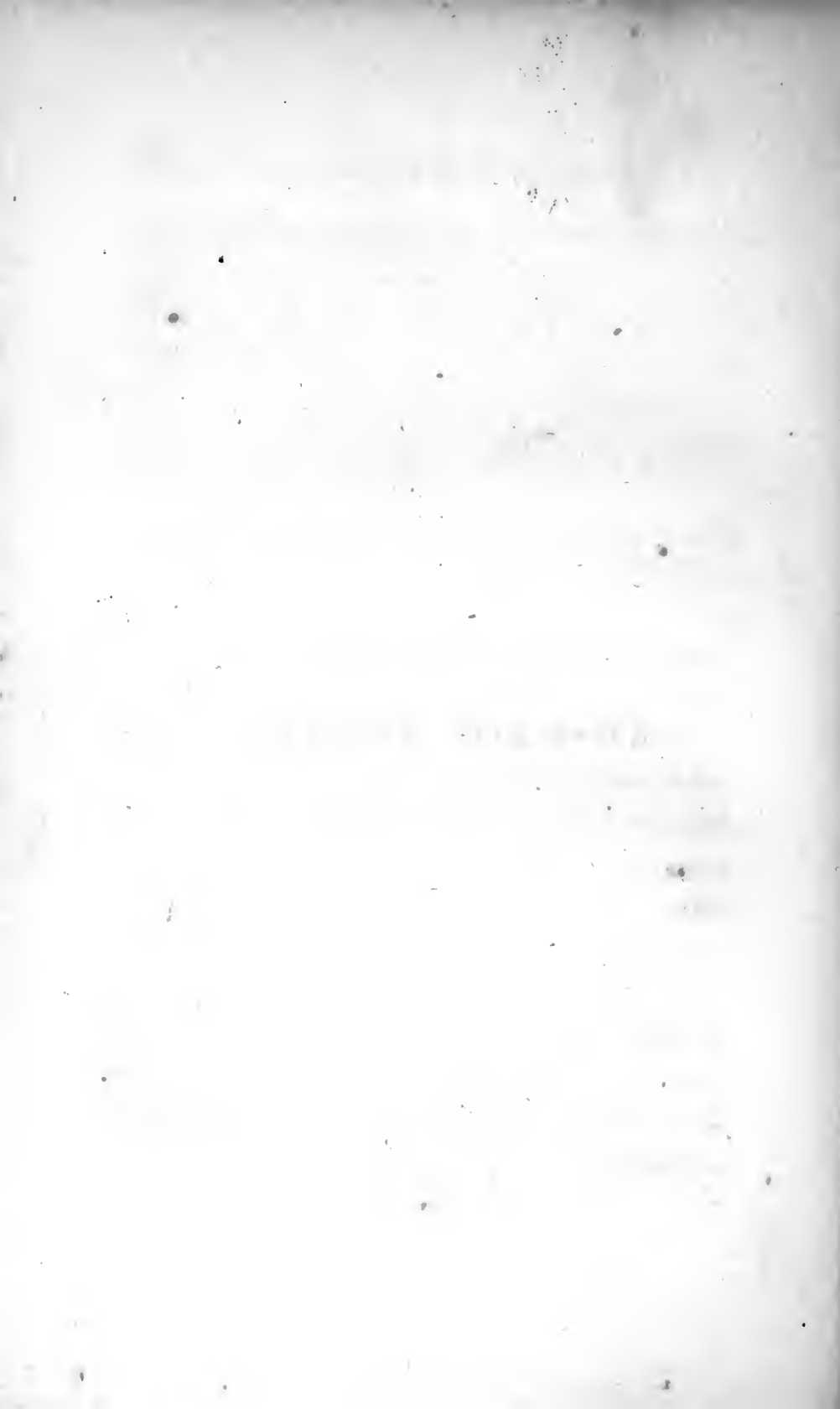
melody, and perfects it on the chords of the heart : if we trace only the outlines of a beloved face, which lives but in the past, the canvas glows with the entire features which affection reflects from the image on the soul. Complete the melody and the picture for the benefit of the living and in honor of the dead.

We have met after a long period of separation, and now we part—part to be re-united no more in our mountain home, nor in the outer world, whither we are hastening by divergent paths. A few years may be added to our lives, and then we quit the scenes of our present toils and sorrows to enter the realms which lie beyond the grave. This is the truth which we should bear away in our hearts—this the term which we should keep steadily in view. Brethren ! we are one on earth ; shall we not be one in Heaven ? O happy destiny which awaits us in union with those venerable and holy men,—the pupils with their teachers, the children with their fathers, on the bosom of God,—if true to the memories of our youth and perseverant in loyalty to the end, we hold to the pre-

cept and the counsel : "Remember your prelates who have spoken to you the word of God ; considering well the end of their conversation, imitate their faith."

THE CATHOLIC MIRROR'S ACCOUNT OF THE

Fifty-Year Jubilee.



THE CATHOLIC MIRROR'S ACCOUNT

OF THE FIFTY-YEAR JUBILEE, CELEBRATED ON THE SIXTH
AND SEVENTH DAYS OF OCTOBER, 1858, IN COMMEMORA-
TION OF THE FOUNDING OF MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THE FIFTY-YEAR JUBILEE.

THE celebration of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Founding of Mount St. Mary's College, took place on Wednesday last, October 6th, within the College precincts. Half a century has rolled away since the humble beginning of that now famous Institution. Only a few of the aboriginal students survive, to compare its present condition with that in which they first found it. Not only is the College dissimilar to what it was then, but the whole vicinity has undergone a gradual change.

EMMITTSBURG.

From this remark we might venture to except the neighboring pleasant village of Emmittsburg. It seems to stand the test of time, unmoved. It has still the same length and breadth it enjoyed when our infant eyes first beheld it. The same stationary number of eight hundred and some odd inhabitants in which it rejoiced in our childhood days, still graces, again and again, the decennial census—as it has for probably the full term of half a century. It is not disturbed by the sharp whistle of the locomotive, nor does even the crack of the Pitt wagoner's whip any longer resound within it. Railroads, and steam, and turnpikes, have invited trade and travel along more enterprising routes. However, what there is of it, has improved vastly to the eye. Excepting some old and forbidding fabrics which sadden our entrance into the town, the houses generally wear a neat appearance. A few new ones have been built, and many old ones have been renovated and beautified. Mr. Wile has just completed a large and commodious

hotel, capable of affording comfortable accommodations to a great number of visitors. The most gratifying advance we saw in the line of improvements, was the capacious and beautiful Church, which surmounts the rising ground in the north-eastern part of the corporation limits. It is a noble evidence of the zeal of the *old* school of Catholics, who form the chief part of the congregation, and who are uncontaminated by the fashions and follies which in many places are the canker worm of genuine Catholic piety. Though large, it is well filled, evincing the continual increase of the Faithful in and around the village. In our day a much smaller edifice was large enough for all the congregation. A very fine pastor's residence, and a Hall for Catholic purposes, must also be ranked among the modern improvements. Most of the worthies of the olden time are no more; we saw their names engraved on the marble tomb-stones in the Church-yard! At least one link still binds the present to the past; that is Joachim Elder, Esq., who almost, for time out of mind, in spite of political revolutions, and under various adminis-

trations, has honestly, faithfully, and efficiently, filled the office of postmaster.

We will mention, as one sign of returning vitality in the citizens of this place, that practical means have been adopted, and an actual commencement made, to continue the Frederick turnpike from Mechanicstown to Emmittsburg. It will pass within a few yards of the College gate and close to St. Joseph's Academy, affording a comparatively easy and pleasant access, by way of Frederick City, to those Institutions.

ST. JOSEPH'S VALLEY.

St. Joseph's, the Mother-House of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, situated one mile and a half from the College, had no existence when Mount St. Mary's was founded. It now forms a magnificent cluster of buildings, located in a healthy, beautiful place, and surrounded by enchanting grounds. These, with its several hundred Sisters, and the nearly two hundred girls in the Academy, speak in no feeble voice the change

that has been wrought here since the origin of the *Old Mountain*.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

The environs of the College also attest the improvement which half a century has effected. It is true, Carrick's Knob lifts its majestic head no loftier, nor does it view with more calm dignity the extensive and fertile plains beneath it, than it did in days of yore. Tom's Creek winds its clear, mountain water between its grassy banks, as it did when the first College boys followed its course to catch frogs, suckers, and sun-fish. The Indian graves, the Grotto, the Devil's Den, and the Hermitage, now classic, maintain their immovability. Even the autumnal leaf on Mary's Mount displays all its gorgeous colors of brown, and red, and yellow, with an intermingling of green, as it did when long years ago we gazed upon it with a melancholy pleasure, or strayed away amid the oaks and chestnuts and maples, whilst the fallen leaf, on the wings of the plaintive wind, went rustling by. These are unchanged ; but look around and see

where once the lowly log farm-house stood is now an elegant mansion, bespeaking the comfort and competence of its inmates. Lime and deep ploughing have made the soil generous in its yield. Orchards have grown up, and even vineyards are gladdening the heart of the thrifty cultivator.

ORIGIN OF THE INSTITUTION.

Fifty years ago the College itself opened in a small farm-house with seven scholars, gathered together by the then Rev. John Dubois, the venerated founder of the Institution, who was a missionary priest, ministering to the spiritual wants of the Faithful there in what was then called the *Catholic Settlement*, as well as to those in surrounding missions. Now a range of spacious architectural stone buildings forms the material part of Mount St. Mary's College. Nearly two hundred students are at present trained in piety and in learning within its walls. Thousands have gone forth from it in bygone years, and still bear an affectionate remembrance of their Alma Mater, as is demonstrated in their every-day avowals, as well

as by the number who have come to unite in the *College Jubilee*.

THE CELEBRATION.

According to the published programme, the festivities were to be continued two days, so as to give time to encompass the several points intended to be commemorated. This will make October the 6th and 7th, 1858, memorable days in the annals of Mount St. Mary's. None who enjoyed the privilege of being present will ever forget them, or fail to hand down to their descendants the events connected with them.

ARRIVAL OF VISITORS.

On Monday and Tuesday preceding the celebration, as well as on the morning of the day itself, stage load after stage load of visitors arrived within the College bounds, and were greeted with a hearty *Mountain* welcome by the inmates of the College and the earlier comers among the visitors. Public and private conveyances performed the transportation service in good earnest, as well as

with speed and safety. As soon as the arrival of Bishops, particularly that of Archbishop Hughes, was announced, the College bells were rung long and merrily. The current of alumni and friends continued thus to flow in until nearly two hundred had received the warm-hearted welcome of the conductors of the Institution. Many also took lodgings in Emmittsburg, and in the neighborhood of the College. It did an old Mountaineer's heart good to see one after another of his former fellow-students and companions arrive on the spot which witnessed their competition in the race of literature and science. The earnest and prolonged grasp of their friendly hands, bespoke the feelings of their hearts. Some had not met before since they parted within the halls of their Alma Mater, which, in not a few cases, had been over a quarter of a century ago.

HOSPITALITY OF THE COLLEGE.

The proverbial hospitality of the *Old Mountain* was severely tested and nobly maintained, so as to win the admiration of all. For several days the

walls of the Institution were filled with friends, who were amply provided with comfortable lodgings and sumptuous fare. Many of the students and professors took delight in putting themselves to temporary inconvenience, in order to make the visit and stay of strangers as pleasant as possible. Some of the students we know gave up their sleeping apartments to the visitors, and took less commodious ones for themselves. Honor to such students ; they will yet be a credit to their Alma Mater, and will perpetuate her fame for the happy influences she exercises on the head and the heart of her sons.

PERSONS PRESENT.

Apart from the residents of the place, the number of persons who participated in the celebration must have been at least three hundred. They were gathered together from near and distant parts of the United States ; from the Gulf of Mexico in the South to the confines of Canada in the North. They consisted of every class of persons, clerical and lay, professional and otherwise,

Alumni of the College, and others friendly to the Institution. It is wholly out of our power to give a complete list of all who were present, so that, against our will, we are compelled to confine ourselves to the names of those who came within the range of our observation. We will now attempt at least that much.

BISHOPS.

Most Rev. John Hughes, Archb'p of New York.
Rt. Rev. George A. Carroll, Bp. of Covington, Ky.
Rt. Rev. Wm. H. Elder, Bp. of Natchez.
Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, Bp. of Brooklyn.
Rt. Rev. John McCloskey, Bp. of Albany.
Rt. Rev. Francis P. McFarland, Bp. of Hartford.
Rt. Rev. James F. Wood, Coadj. Bp. of Philadelphia.

PRIESTS.

Rev. Andrew Bohan, Brooklyn.
Rev. Robert Byrne, New York.
Rev. F. Burlando, Emmitsburg.
Rev. John J. Conroy, Albany.
Rev. Wm. Cook, Philadelphia.
Rev. Michael Curran, New York.
Rev. Thomas Doran, Albany.
Rev. Alexius J. Elder, Baltimore.
Rev. John Hackett, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Rev. Thomas Heyden, Bedford, Pa.
Rev. John F. Hickey, Baltimore.
Rev. Alex. L. Hitselberger, Frederick, Md.
Rev. Michael Hackett, Salina, N. Y.
Rev. John Kelley, Jersey City, N. J.
Rev. Bernard Keenan, Lancaster, Pa.
Rev. James Keeveny, Keesville, N. Y.
Rev. Edward D. Lyman, Baltimore.
Rev. Michael McAleer, New York.

Rev. George McCloskey, New York.
 Rev. James McGarahan, Mobile, Ala.
 Rev. Edward McKee, Philadelphia.
 Rev. John McGovern, Philadelphia.
 Rev. Thos. McLaughlin, New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Rev. Patrick Moran, Newark, N. J.
 Rev. Michael F. Martin, Philadelphia.
 Rev. Daniel Mugan, Ellenville, N. Y.
 Rev. Daniel Morgan, Ulster Co., N. Y.
 Rev. L. Obermyer, Baltimore.
 Rev. Edward J. O'Brien, New Haven, Conn.
 Rev. Thomas O'Neil, Taneytown, Md.
 Rev. Charles C. Pise, D. D., Brooklyn.
 Rev. Patrick Raferty, Philadelphia.
 Rev. James Rolando, Emmittsburg, Md.
 Rev. John Shanahan, New York.
 Rev. Edward J. Sourin, Baltimore.

LAYMEN.

Hon. Judge Champeny, Lancaster, Pa.; Hon. Jacob Kunkle, M. C., Frederick, Md.; Hon. Franklin Clack, Ex U. S. Dist. Att., New Orleans; Hon. Patrick Kelly, Mayor of Emmittsburg; Capt. William Seton, U. S. N., Clairvaux, Md., one of the survivors of the first seven students; Prof. William E. A. Aikin, Baltimore; Prof. Theodore Blume, Vice President of Calvert College, Carroll Co., Md.; Prof. Joseph Gegan, Baltimore; Capt. Eugene Cumisky, Baltimore; Patrick Donahoe, Editor of the *Pilot*, Boston; Col. Outerbridge Horsey, Needwood, Md.; Dr. Dominick A. O'Donnel, Baltimore; J. W. Baughman, Editor of the *Citizen*, Frederick, Md.; Dr. Wm. Patterson, Emmittsburg; George H. Miles, author of *Inkermann* and various other works; James McSherry, author of the *History of Maryland* and other productions; Robert Mickle, Cashier of Union Bank, Baltimore; John Lilly, Conawago, Pa., one of the three survivors of the seven boys who first entered Mount St. Mary's fifty years ago; Dr. James Eichelberger, Emmittsburg; also, John Honeywell, Patrick McLaughlin, Basil F. Elder, Basil T. Elder, Wm. Geo. Read, Patrick Henry Bennet, James L. Ridgely, Francis Elder, Laurence Puzenet, T. Parkin Scott, Alexius Baugher, Chas. Monmonier, Michael Roach, Francis Chatard, Thomas F. Roach, Isaac Hartman, and John Boyle, Esquires, of Baltimore; Hugh McAleer and Charles W. Hoffman, Esquires, of Frederick, Md.; John D. Ewing, Edward Tiers, John Elder, Joshua Shorb, Joseph

McDevit, and Joshua Motter, Esquires, Emmittsburg; William Seton, Jr., Dixon, Illinois; Joseph Fry, Esq., Philadelphia; John F. Ennis, Esq., Washington City; Douglas Clopper, Esq., Montgomery Co., Md.; C. G. de Garmendia and Francis Torres, Esquires, Cuba; Thomas Elder, A. Dufilho, and Lewis Carr, Esquires, New Orleans; Mr. Lyons, Reporter of the *Herald*, N. Y.; and many others.

The spiritual exercises of the Jubilee granted by the Holy Father being in progress in many of the dioceses, prevented a large number of the Reverend Clergy, who were anxious to be present, from leaving their parishes. The absence of Archbishop Purcell, Bishop Whelan, and Bishop Young, all alumni of the Mountain, was especially regretted by their numerous friends. Of the Bishops present, all, except Bishop Wood, were educated at Mount St. Mary's.

LITERARY PART OF THE JUBILEE.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday, the 6th, the literary part of the exercises commenced in the large Hall. It was crowded with an intelligent audience, numbering about five hundred, counting the College boys at nearly one hundred and seventy. The life-like portrait of Bishop Dubois, and the bust of Bishop Bruté, founders of the In-

stitution, decorated the rear part of the stage. The room was otherwise well arranged for the occasion. The Priests and the laity occupied the main body of the Hall in front of the platform. The orchestra was between them and the rostrum. The stage was occupied by the Bishops, the Officers of the College, the Orator and Poets for the occasion ; also by Capt. William Seton and John Lilly, Esq., as survivors of the first class of seven with which the Institution commenced. The President of Mount St. Mary's, Rev. John McCaffrey, D. D., presided, assisted by the Rev. John McCloskey, Vice President. Prof. Dielman conducted the musical department with great ability, and to the entire satisfaction of the company. The five Pyrenees Mountaineer Singers were within the orchestra, and sang some of their songs at intervals, much to the pleasure of the assembly.

The exercises were opened by the President, Dr. McCaffrey.

After the prolonged applause that followed his concluding words had subsided, the President introduced the Orator of the day, James McSherry,

of the Frederick City Bar. His address was much and deservedly cheered. We hope at an early day to lay before the readers of the *Mirror* this elegant address, as well as the poems delivered by George H. Miles, Esq., of the Baltimore Bar, and the Rev. Charles C. Pise, D. D., of Brooklyn, both of which are of a high order of poetry, and gave unbounded satisfaction.

The band played "Auld Lang Syne," after which Dr. McCaffrey said,—

MY FRIENDS, I thank the audience for their participation in our exercises here to-day, but I have now a regret to express. I have asked Archbishop Hughes to say a few words on this occasion. [Here a tremendous burst of cheering drowned the speaker's voice, and he soon retired. Archbishop Hughes then advanced, and the cheering was continued with renewed vigor.] When silence was at length restored, the Archbishop said : My friend concluded his brief observations by expressing a regret, but he did not quite express it ; he has left that to me, and I regret that in consequence of a sore throat I am prevented from making any ex-

tended remarks. I return my thanks for the good will you have evinced towards me, and I will take this occasion to say that the associations of this day are of the pleasantest and at the same time of the most melancholy character, missing, as we do, many who, a quarter of a century ago, met in this Hall, devoted to science and religion. In future let us hope that others, even more distinguished, will go forth from this College, than those of previous years, to adorn religion and promote science. (Applause.)

The Mountaineers then sang *La Retraite suivie par la Marche Nocturne*, which was loudly applauded, and this concluded the exercises.

THE BANQUET.

At four o'clock the company sat down to a substantial banquet in the refectory of the College, a fine room, which accommodates three hundred. About two hundred guests partook of the hospitality of the College on this occasion. The President, Dr. McCaffrey, occupied the chair. The Bishops sat on his right and left. After the din-

ner, the President proposed, as the first toast, *The health and long life of Pope Pius IX*, preceding it with many happy remarks. Archbishop Hughes was loudly called upon to respond, which he did at considerable length, to the evident delight of the guests, manifested by repeated cheers. The second toast was, *The President of the United States*, to which Hon. Jacob Kunkle, Member of Congress from that district, responded in an excellent speech, eulogizing the President and the Democratic party. *The Memory of Dubois and Bruté* was then drunk standing and in silence. Hon. Franklin Clack, Ex U. S. District Attorney in New Orleans, and several other gentlemen, spoke with much applause when called out. William George Read, Esq., drew attention, and won golden opinions, by concluding his address with a Semi-Centennial Ode to his Alma Mater, which he sang with great feeling and effect. At 7 o'clock the company rose from the table and withdrew in the utmost good humor, every thing having passed off in the happiest manner. We ought to add that the *Mountaineer Singers*, in the midst of the din-

ner festivities, took a stand in the centre of the room, and sang some songs in their vernacular language, to the gratification of all who heard them.

THE CONCERT

In the evening, a little after eight o'clock, the inmates of the College, the visitors, and a few of the neighbors, assembled in the College Hall to listen to a Vocal Concert by the Pyrenees Mountaineer Singers. They made their appearance in a peculiar costume, consisting of white pants, blue blouse frock coats faced with white collars, and reaching nearly down to the knees. Their heads were covered with white woollen caps, broad at the top, and inclining to one side, with a long tassel hanging down. As soon as they reached the Hall, they marched in single file up to the front of the Bishops, who now occupied seats on the Hall floor, before the orchestra. Having arranged themselves in a line facing the Bishops, they all knelt down together and asked a blessing. Archbishop Hughes stood up and blessed them, upon which they rose and one by one took him by the hand

and kissed his ring, genuflecting at the same time. This whole proceeding was so edifying and reverent that it produced the happiest effect on the spectators, who applauded them long and loud.

The singers took their stand on the platform in a semi-circle facing the audience, and sang several French songs in their peculiar style. They also sang the *Credo* throughout. One unusual circumstance was that they sang entirely from memory, having no books, prints, or guides of any kind near them.

In the interval between some of their pieces, the Rev. Dr. Pise took his stand on the platform and read a beautiful translation into English verse of his Latin poem, delivered in the morning.

THE LUMINOUS CROSS.

The cupola of the Collège has within its open parts a large cross. This is hollow and filled with gas. Along its length and breadth are thickly-set jets, from which the gas can emanate. During this College festivity it was lit up every night, and presented a beautiful spectacle. It not only

throws a flood of light on the premises of the Institution, but it is seen for many miles around. We all admired its brilliancy, as well as the good taste which caused it to be erected there.

THE REQUIEM MASS.

The morning of the 7th broke upon us in the midst of a severe storm of wind and rain. A heavy mist brooded over the surface of the ground, hiding from view every distant object. The autumnal leaf was whirled from its bough, and driven amid the forest trees. The poet's idea and description was vividly brought to mind :

“ My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray.”

Fortunately, about nine o'clock the rain ceased, a bright and beautiful day followed, and we were enabled to make the contemplated procession to the Church. At 10 o'clock the seven Prelates, in rochet and mantella, and one hundred Priests and ecclesiastical students dressed in surplice, formed a line of procession and marched along the winding path up the mountain side, to the venerated

old mountain Church, to participate in the solemn service of the Requiem Mass, about to be offered for the repose of the souls of Bishops Dubois and Bruté, the revered founders of the place.

The Church was appropriately fitted up for the occasion, and there were in attendance many of the neighboring Catholics, as well as the visitors and students of the College. The capacity of the sanctuary was increased by opening the sacristy doors, and placing suitable seats just in front of the railing, which afforded ample room for the Priests and Seminarians who had no special duty to fulfil around the altar. Archbishop Hughes, who was to have celebrated the Mass, being too unwell, the Bishop of Albany supplied his place, and discharged that function. The venerable Father Hickey, one of the old stock of Mountaineers, acted as assistant Priest, and the Rev. Alexius J. Elder, another of the same kind, was Deacon, and the Rev. F. Burlando Sub-Deacon. The Rev. Messrs. Keenan, Moran, Sourin, and Obermeyer, robed in sacerdotal vestments, were assisting Priests, and occupied a conspicuous place in

the sanctuary. The six Bishops, including the Archbishop, assisted on the gospel side in their episcopal dress and berretta. There was no instrumental music on the occasion. The students of the College and the Seminaries had been taught and trained to sing the Mass ; these, together with the attending clergymen, amateur singers among the visitors, and the regular choir of the Church, sang the Requiem Mass throughout, including the whole of the *Dies iræ*. The union of these more than a hundred voices in chanting the solemn and impressive notes of a Mass for the dead, produced a powerful effect upon the feelings, softened every heart, and left few eyes tearless.

The five Pyrenees Singers were present, but took no part with the others. At two different times, however, during the service, they filled intervals by singing some hymns in their own style.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Alexander L. Hitselberger, S. J., of Frederick, Md., an old alumnus of the College and Séminary. His discourse was elegant in composition, and appropriate to the interesting occasion, deeply affecting

the preacher, awakening in the minds of *old Mountaineers* many sacred and happy recollections, and presenting to the rising ones, for their guidance, good examples and principles, as developed in the lives of the great and good Dubois and Bruté.

Upon the conclusion of the Requiem service, the long-drawn procession returned in silence to its starting place, by the same route it went. With this terminated that impressive service.

THE PARTING DINNER.

The dinner on Thursday, October 7th, was, according to the programme, the last of the Jubilee festivities. At three o'clock we entered the refectory, to enjoy a sumptuous repast, arranged in the most tasteful manner. What seemed to us the most gratifying was the fact that all were there together. Bishops, Priests, professors, teachers, students, alumni, and friends of the Mountain, seated side by side at this memorable banquet, was a grand spectacle, showing it to be a time of general rejoicing and for the enjoyment of all. As soon as a few verses had been read from the New

Testament, according to invariable custom, we were greeted with one of the merriest clapping of hands College boys ever gave. At the close of the meal proper, the proceedings were of the most affecting character. Prof. Dielman entered the room with his violin in hand, and advanced to the front of the table occupied by the Bishops. As soon as the vociferous talking which re-echoed through the Hall had subsided, he struck up "*Auld Lang Syne*," and played it with much effect. Professor Joseph Gegan then yielded to the loud calls made upon him to sing the *Exile of Erin*. It was heard with the deepest emotion, and elicited rounds of applause. With one voice, then, the Rev. Edward D. Lyman was called on for a song. Unable to resist the continued cry, he gratified all by singing the *Harp of Tara*. This was followed by *Home, Sweet Home*, sung in chorus by a large number of voices. At this advanced stage of the proceedings, the hearts of the assembled throng being mellowed by the inspirations of scenes around them, as well as by memories of the past, a general call from all parts of the room was made to

sing, in united chorus, before we should separate, the *Auld Lang Syne*. It was done. Its effect was overpowering. It was a moving thing, and one to be remembered for a lifetime, to hear the three hundred voices of those present singing, with all the strength of their lungs, and from the depth of their hearts, the touching words of *Auld Lang Syne*. It struck responsive chords in every breast, awakened the memory of bygone days, opened the well-springs of the affections, and made tears flow down many an aged and many a youthful cheek—from the venerable Archbishop to the youngest College stripling. The scene can never be forgotten by those present, and the warm hearts of all true *Mountaineers* were more than ever melted into one.

ILLUMINATION OF THE GROTTA.

The interesting spot called the *Grotto* is situated less than half a mile from the College on the mountain side, and in a deep ravine. It is surrounded by lofty forest trees and a thick undergrowth of wild bushes. By it flows a small stream of crystal water, gathered from the numerous little

springs that gush from the rocky glens. The Grotto is constructed mainly of lattice-work, and has a substantial roof over it. The native grape vine, which in early times formed the covering, is no longer relied upon for that service, but it still adds to the rustic beauty of the place. Around it are small walks and paling fences, which give an air of neatness to the locality. Within is a shrine dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, containing a large image of her, appropriately painted and ornamented. To this quiet retreat the College students and their teachers, like the sainted Bruté of old, sometimes retire, during recreation, to pray, and pay a votive homage to Mary, their sweet Mother. They take pleasure in honoring her, and on special occasions increase their evidences of devotion. Such a one was presented by this College Jubilee, and they took care at night to illuminate the whole place with chandeliers and burning candles. Around the image of the Blessed Virgin in particular was the illumination brilliant. We went to enjoy this sight, and were exceedingly edified. As we approached, the burning lights seen

through the tree branches made a deep impression. Many of the youthful clients of Mary were there, singing her hymns and litany with great fervor. There, where no human voice could reach them, nor human eye see them, in the midst of the darkness of night, their sweet melody rose on the evening air. The continued song of the katydids, and the music of the murmuring brook, were their sole accompaniments, save when the hill sides gave back a gentle echo. From our heart we blessed the spirit that animates those who throw an interest around this charming place.

DEPARTURE OF THE ALUMNI.

Soon after the last notes of *Auld Lang Syne* had died away at the parting dinner, the visitors prepared for their return home. Many stage-coaches and other vehicles were in waiting for them.

But the painful ordeal of separation was feared. The few happy days now passed with old classmates, served to recall former times, and, in some sense, to renew our youth. We parted, in most

cases, to meet no more. It was saddening, then, as each one stepped into the coach, to press the hand of an old friend and to bid him *farewell*. Every one felt within himself more than he could utter.

MEMENTO MOVEMENT.

It was suggested by some of the Alumni, before separating, that the memory of this Jubilee should be perpetuated in a substantial form. This idea was gladly received, and many thought it would be proper, not only to publish a history of this event, but to include a succinct history of the first half century of our Alma Mater. We hope that this movement may take a living form. We trust, however, that, like the names of the illustrious few, the name of Mount St. Mary's "*is not born to die.*"

DISCOURSE ON THE

Right Reverend Simon Gabriel Brute, D. D.

BY THE REV. JOHN McCaffrey, D. D.

TO THE STUDENTS OF MOUNT ST. MARY'S SEMINARY
AND COLLEGE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS :—

At your request I have consented to the publication of the following discourse: to you I dedicate it. You have thought it meet that some tribute of respect to the memory of Bishop Bruté should proceed from an institution which he so long supported and adorned by his learning, talents, and virtues. Your solicitude in this regard indicates the best feelings, and is honorable to your character.

I inscribe this discourse to you with the cheering hope that you will always imitate the virtues which you so much admired.

With hearty good wishes for your success in your laudable pursuits, and for your happiness in time and eternity, I am

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN McCAFFREY.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, October 21st, 1839.

DISCOURSE

ON THE RT. REVEREND SIMON GABRIEL BRUTÉ, D. D., BISHOP OF VINCENNES, PRONOUNCED IN MOUNT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, AUGUST 19TH, 1839, ON THE OCCASION OF A SOLEMN SERVICE FOR THE REPOSE OF HIS SOUL, BY THE REV. JOHN McCaffrey, D. D., PRESIDENT OF MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

Wisdom hath delivered from sorrow them that attend upon her. She conducted the just through the right ways, and showed him the kingdom of God, and gave him the knowledge of holy things; made him honorable in labors and accomplished his labors.—WISDOM x., 9, 10.

IF there is something melancholy, there is also something beautiful in the spectacle before me. You have come together in obedience to the best feelings of the heart, as well as to the voice of religion. It is in the true spirit of Christian charity that you offer up united prayers to God, in behalf of one whose memory this congregation and this neighborhood must ever cherish and hold in veneration. For if the best endowments of mind and heart may claim our admiration; if illustrious examples of virtue and piety merit our tributes of

respect ; if the most active zeal and benevolence exerted in our favor demand the expression of our gratitude ; then do we owe the fullest homage of our admiration, reverence, and gratitude, to the memory of Bishop Bruté. But what to him now are the feeble tributes which we may offer to his memory ? Will the voice of panegyric reach his distant grave, and pierce the hollow chambers of the ear that is closed to every sound, until the Archangel's trumpet shall awaken all the dead ? Will any honors we can pay him light up a single smile on the eye which is darkened by the cold mists of death ? Ah ! if Religion came not to our aid—if, with her lamp of truth she did not show us that charity stops not at the grave, and that the souls even of the friends of God may need and can be benefited by our prayers—gratitude herself would be powerless. Vain would be the tender, yet generous feelings, that swell the bursting heart, when the hand of death robs us of a friend, a benefactor, or some cherished object of the purest affections. Nothing would be left us but useless regrets, unavailing sighs, or impious

murmurs against the unrelenting decrees of a mysterious Providence. But religion seeks not to stifle these irrepressible emotions. She employs and directs them. She enlists the sympathies of the living in behalf of the dead. She consecrates their mourning by purifying their sorrow of its selfishness. She teaches grief to find a comforter in charity. She turns the groans of lamentation into the whispered prayers of faith and piety.

Among my hearers there are those who owe to the zeal of Mr. Bruté their conversion to the Holy Catholic Church ; there are many who learned from him to walk in the paths of virtue and Christian perfection ; there are widows and orphans who, in their distress, found a sure relief in his benevolence ; there are the poor and humble, to whom he was always a friend and father ; there are few, indeed, who have not, in some way or other, profited by his ardent charity, and the shining example which he set of every Christian virtue. Do they truly wish to prove their heartfelt gratitude ? Our holy faith teaches them how to do it. Let them pray for their benefactor ; let them unite in

the offering of the holy sacrifice for his departed spirit. While we thus endeavor to acquit ourselves of a great debt of gratitude, the image of this holy man will occupy our minds. And, as he was an instrument in the hands of God to bring us many blessings while he lived, so will the remembrance of his virtues be profitable to us, now that he is dead. For his bright example, however imperfectly exhibited, will not only have a tendency to soothe our sorrow for his loss, but it cannot fail to instruct and edify us—inciting us, as I trust in God it may, to “be imitators of him, as he was of Christ.”

Simon Gabriel Bruté was born at Rennes, in the province of Little Brittany, in France, on the 20th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine. His father was a gentleman of wealth and respectability, who held the office of Director of the royal domains in Brittany, and died in seventeen hundred and eighty-six. The fortunes of his family were soon scattered by the storms of the French Revolution, and his mother was reduced to the ne-

cessity of keeping a printing office and a bookstore for the support of her children. The first care of these virtuous parents was to bring up their son in the fear and love of God ; they were equally zealous to cultivate, by a proper education, those native talents, which soon gave promise of a brilliant career. He acquired in boyhood and youth habits of study, or of close and patient mental application, which he retained through life. In spite of that modesty, which prevented him from ever speaking in his own praise, I could learn, from a long and intimate acquaintance with him, and from the testimony of others, that, in the public schools of his native city, he was distinguished and eminently successful. His after life proved it. His mind was too rich in treasures of classic lore, too amply furnished from the armories of science, for him to have been a dull or careless student. Whether he conversed with a friend, or lectured to a class, or heralded the message of salvation from the pulpit, the evidences of profound knowledge, as well as of remarkable genius, incessantly flashed before you. Whatever he once read

or studied he remembered. Even in the last years of his life, when his attention seemed to be absorbed in theology and the other branches of ecclesiastical learning, he recited with ease all the fables of La Fontaine, entire scenes of Racine and Corneille, and the finest passages of other French writers or of the Latin poets. Though less familiar with the Greek classics, he had read them with advantage as well as pleasure, and turned to good account his knowledge of their language in the study of the Greek fathers of the Church. At one time he had it in view to enter the French Polytechnic school, and, for this reason, he pursued a very extensive course of mathematical science. Subsequently he had the best opportunities, in the medical school of Paris, of penetrating deeply into the mysteries of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. He improved them with his usual diligence. While he devoted himself to severer studies, he gave some share of attention to music and drawing, and in the latter of these accomplishments he attained a proficiency which, in after years, was a source of pleasure and advantage to himself,

and a means, which he often happily employed, for the purpose of interesting and instructing others. His studies were interrupted by the revolutionary troubles, and he spent about two years in his mother's printing establishment, during which he learned and practised the business of a compositor. It would appear that he was led to this, much less by inclination than by the reverses which his family had sustained, and the dangers of the times. Accordingly, we soon find him in a sphere better suited to his tastes and intellectual habits. In the year seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, the twentieth of his age, he entered the medical school of Paris, where for three years he attended the lectures of the first masters of the age. In selecting an employment for life, he was guided by a sincere desire of obeying the divine will, and doing good to men, and he looked forward to the medical profession as one in which he might consecrate his talents and knowledge to noble and philanthropic uses. This choice once made had the effect, much less of narrowing the range of his studies, than of giving them a definite aim, and

stimulating his exertions to the utmost. From his own particular sphere of intellectual labor, he surveyed the whole circle of the sciences, and he saw that each reflected light on all the others, while all, with uniform consent, showed forth the power and majesty, the wisdom and the goodness, of the "Father of Lights," from whom all knowledge emanates, and to whom all the glory of it should always be referred. With the ardor, therefore, of an enthusiastic votary of truth, he courted useful information, wherever it was to be found.

But what is most important for us, and especially for the youthful portion of my auditory to observe, is this : that while he zealously devoted himself to the pursuit of knowledge, he was equally and still more zealous in the pursuit of virtue ; while he prepared himself by laborious study to render service to his fellow-men, he never forgot that higher service which he owed to God. His virtuous parents, and especially his mother—a woman of admirable character ; a parent equally enlightened and affectionate—had inspired his heart in childhood with sentiments of tender piety. She

had built all her hopes of his usefulness and happiness on the only sure foundation of religion. She had taught him in times which tried the souls of Christians, to be always ready to lay down his life for the faith ; to shed his blood, if necessary, for the love of God. You are aware that France was then, by her own terrific example, teaching the world a great moral and religious lesson. Her revolutionary rulers had proscribed Christianity, and made infidelity and impiety the law of the land. History has told you the horrors that ensued. While this unhappy country was deluged with the blood of her best and noblest sons ; while the Cross was torn from its elevation and trampled in the dust ; while Churches were pillaged and desecrated, and the faithful obliged, like the primitive martyrs, to meet in silence and darkness, at the risk of their lives, for the celebration of the divine mysteries ; while the Priests, who had not been exiled or guillotined, were hunted as wild beasts, shot down in the fields, hung to the lamp-posts, or reserved for the slow tortures and solemn mockeries of judicial murder ; the prisons were every

where crowded with those who were too noble-minded to conceal or abjure their faith, and these heroic sufferers were refused the consolations of religion, or could receive them only from such as were willing to stake their lives upon the charitable mission. Simon Gabriel Bruté, then but a boy of tender years, with a full knowledge of the risk he ran, and with his fond mother's hearty consent, was employed to convey the Blessed Sacrament to the prisoners in his native town of Rennes. In the disguise of a baker's boy, protected only by his innocence and premature discretion, or rather by his good angel, who fondly bore him company on such errands, he supplied the victims of persecution, not only with that bread which nourishes the body, but with the bread of angels—the food which gives life to the soul. He made his own first communion in the parish church of St. Germain, in 1791, and the scenes of horrible impiety and bloody persecution, which he witnessed soon afterwards, but confirmed his faith and animated his piety. He saw and shared the apprehension, the alarm, the secrecy and danger, with which God

was worshipped, and his mysteries dispensed to the faithful. He saw, and as we have noticed, he sympathized with heroic confessors imprisoned and exposed to death for their attachment to religion. He saw the sanctity of the cloisture sacrilegiously invaded, and helpless nuns, who had hoped to spend their days in retirement and prayer, cast out upon a heartless world by ferocious monsters, who professed to be the friends of liberty and humanity. He saw the procession of venerable Priests, and heard them chanting in solemn harmony the "Miserere" and "De profundis," as they marched, a noble band of martyrs, from the tribunal of injustice to the place of execution. He saw numbers of innocent victims of every class led as lambs to the slaughter, because of their unwavering allegiance to the faith "once delivered to the saints." Thus familiar in his early years with the elevating spectacle of religion triumphant over suffering and death, his soul was nerved for heroic deeds of virtue, and he understood and felt in its full force the exclamation of St. Paul: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall

tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution, or the sword ? * * *

* * In all these things we overcome, because of Him that hath loved us.”¹ But greater trials yet awaited him. Though trained to piety betimes, and accustomed to regard religion as a pearl above all price ; though even in the very morning of life he had girded himself for mortal conflict, with a courage not unworthy of the martyr’s crown—yet had he need of all the deep impressions engraved upon his soul, and of no ordinary strength of mind, and of a fortitude which Heaven only could bestow, to pass, with principles unshaken, and piety unimpaired, through the medical schools of the French capital. Infidelity sat on the professorial chairs, which were then indeed “ the chairs of pestilence,” and impiety reigned among the licentious students, who received instruction from them. The lecturers, such men as Lamarck, Fourcroy, and Pinel, never lost an opportunity of venting a sophism or a sneer against religion ; the auditors never applauded so heartily as when these

¹ Rom. viii. 35, 37,

poisoned shafts were flung amongst them. The boldest Atheism and the grossest materialism were studiously professed, and it was assumed, as an established truth, that death is annihilation, and that man, like the beasts of the field, having no God and no accountability, should have neither hopes nor fears beyond the grave. Yet there was a noble band of youths who would not bow down to the idols which impious men had erected, but, like the children of Israel in the fiery furnace, passed unscathed through the midst of the flames. "For the angel of the Lord walked with them, and the fire touched them not at all, nor troubled them, nor did them any harm."¹ Need I say that the subject of this discourse was of their number? that he could neither be entangled in the meshes of infidel sophistry nor driven from the profession and practice of his faith by the sneers of profligate fellow-students, nor decoyed into vice by their persuasions and example? On the contrary, he was the advocate of good morals and the defender of religion, among those who scoffed both at morals and

¹ Daniel iii. 50.

religion ; he was a model of piety, where piety was most unfashionable, and to a weak and coward mind would have appeared no longer respectable. His zeal for the honor of God and the interests of truth would not permit him to be always silent when both were attacked, and, with the Christian portion of the medical students, he entered into a plan of defence, which was ultimately attended with success. When the infidel sneer or sophism of the professor was received by others with applause, they expressed, moderately but firmly, their disapprobation. The ablest of their number selected for his thesis a subject allied to some great question in Natural Theology, and offered a triumphant refutation of the materialism and other false but favorite theories of their teachers. The gauntlet thus boldly flung down was not taken up by the Professors, and the author of the thesis, without challenge or objection, won the highest honors. These contests at length attracted the vigilant attention of the Government, and a hint thrown out in the columns of its official organ, that the First Consul, who believed religion the es-

sential basis of society, and was laboring to re-establish it, could not, without displeasure, learn that it was exposed to be assailed and insulted in the public schools, had the effect of confining the lecturers to their appropriate themes.

Assuredly it was by keeping a strict guard over his passions, and not without the grace of God communicated through its regular channels, fervent prayer and the frequent reception of the sacraments, that this virtuous youth preserved himself from the prevalent contagion, and, by a prudent but independent course, triumphed over the difficulties of his situation. He acquired, therefore, a rich fund of useful knowledge from the teaching of men, who, though distinguished for eminent genius and vast research, yet in the pride of their hearts would not acknowledge the supremacy of God, nor refer to him the honor of the gifts which had been lavished on them ; but he acquired none of their baleful and demoralizing scepticism. On the contrary, he saw more clearly the evidences of truth by observing how darkened and deformed the no-

blest minds became, when its light no longer beamed on them : “ because,” to repeat one of his favorite quotations from St. Paul, “ when they knew God, they did not glorify him as God, nor give thanks, but became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish heart was darkened ; for, professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.”¹ He perceived better than ever, amid the dismal scenes of impiety which he was compelled to witness, the loveliness of virtue and the beauty of holiness, and the calm but sweet satisfaction of a life of Christian piety. Already, then, that wisdom “ which delivereth from sorrow them that attend upon her, conducted him through right ways, and showed him the Kingdom of God.” For often, in these times of trial, had he raised his soul to heaven and breathed the spirit of that beautiful prayer of Solomon :

* * * * thy wisdom, which knoweth thy works, which then also was present, when thou madest the world and knew what was agreeable to thy eyes and what was right in thy command-

¹ Rom. i. 21, 22.

ments,—send her out of thy holy Heaven, and from the throne of thy majesty, that she may be with me and labor with me, that I may know what is acceptable with thee.”¹

How impressive should his example be to the young and ardent, but too often the unwise student! Let such remember, that he whom I propose as a model, and of whom I speak with knowledge derived from long and intimate acquaintance, was not the consecrated minister of God, nor yet the secluded ecclesiastic aspiring to a place before the holy altar, at the period in his history to which I have referred. He was living in the midst of the world, qualifying himself for a secular profession, and beset with more than the ordinary dangers of youth. Indeed, there was every thing that could seduce him from the service of God and the care of sanctifying his soul. There was the ardent and vigorous pursuit of science, with hundreds of emulous competitors; there was the bustle and the giddy dissipation of the gayest capital in the world; there was the tumult and

¹ Wisdom ix. 9, 10.

enthusiastic excitement of Paris, while the star of Napoleon was in the ascendant, and the tidings of victory after victory flushed and almost maddened the youthful minds of France. With infidel teachers and impious and libertine fellow-students, his ears tingled incessantly with the echoes of irreligious sophistry and blasphemy, while he could scarcely avert his eyes from the contagious spectacle of vice and profligacy. Yet he retained his innocence and his religion. He was virtuous, pious, exemplary. How then should they blush, who, with every thing around them pointing to religion and piety, complain of the difficulties of practising their Christian duties and leading virtuous lives ! How little steadiness of principle or stability of character must they have ! How slight the temptations, compared with those which he overcame, that are sufficient to make them traitors alike to conscience and to God ! And what shall be thought of their vain pretences and excuses, when at the day of judgment such examples as his shall rise up to condemn them, and put the miserable sophistry of their passions to everlasting shame ?

The subject of our discourse had studied with ardor and success, and he graduated as a Doctor of Medicine in the year 1803, with the highest honors of the school. Among twelve hundred fellow-students, and I know not how many competitors, the first place was accorded to him by the impartial voice of his professors. They proudly complimented and encouraged their distinguished pupil ; and all his friends predicted a brilliant career in the profession which he had chosen, and the knowledge of which he had so honorably mastered. But God had ordained otherwise. Returning to his native city, he gave the benefit of his advice and attendance gratuitously to the poor of that place, while he remained there ; but he never sought to establish himself in the practice of medicine. Yet he did not relinquish the profession in disgust. He always honored it, as one of the noblest to which a highly gifted and philanthropic man can devote himself. When a priest, and even when elevated to the Episcopacy, he acknowledged on all proper occasions his attachment to a profession to which he still felt himself linked by many

pleasing associations, and by the remembrance of years of honorable study. Delightful as his conversation was to all, and to men of science in particular, it was peculiarly so to the student or to the practitioner and professor of medical science. They often expressed their astonishment, that after the lapse of twenty or thirty years, engrossed by pursuits of a very different order, he retained so perfect and minute a knowledge of all that he had studied in his youth, under the great masters of the French capital.

If then he turned his thoughts to a higher calling, it was from the purest motives, and not without intimations of the divine will. His tried fidelity to his Creator in the days of his youth, his fervent prayers and ardent love of God and charity towards men, his holy eagerness to purify and strengthen and enrich his soul by frequently and worthily approaching the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist, were regarded by his heavenly Father with smiles of divine complacency ; and he was rewarded with a vocation to a state of greater perfection and more abundant blessings.

Sensible of the awful importance of a right decision in such a case, he reflected maturely, invoked the light of heaven, took the advice of a prudent director, and then, obedient to the divine voice within, he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpitius at Paris, a candidate for the holy priesthood. You have regarded him as an example for youthful students in the world ; from this moment he becomes the model of those who belong to the Sanctuary. If he has been pious and edifying in the lively and dangerous scenes through which he has passed, he is much more zealous for the sublime virtues of his holy vocation, in the retirement to which God has called him. If he sought, with ardor and unremitting toil, for secular knowledge, while he destined himself for a secular profession, with still greater ardor and more unremitting toil, even with a holy enthusiasm and in the true spirit of patient, self-denying labor, does he pursue that knowledge which ought to adorn the ecclesiastical profession. It is thus only he could have acquired those immense stores of erudition, which for so many years caused him to be consulted by men of

letters, by learned ecclesiastics, even by the highest dignitaries of the Church in these United States, as a sort of oracle or a living library of sacred erudition. Besides those treasures of knowledge, which he bore away from his earlier studies as the children of Israel carried the spoils of Egypt into the Holy Land, he became intimately conversant, (more so perhaps than any other man this country has ever seen,) with the writings of the Fathers of the Church and the primitive sources of ecclesiastical history. He turned his attention to the Hebrew language, in consequence of its importance in relation to the sacred scriptures, which were now his constant study. Scholastic theology he acquired thoroughly, and he grew familiar with all the great defenders and ornaments of religion in every age. Hence there were few subjects indeed on which he was not able, when consulted, to throw a strong light, no matter what depth of research or extent of reading the understanding of them required. Now it is true, that he was always a student; that however arduous and manifold his duties, he always found leisure to extend the circle

of his acquirements ; that no man ever husbanded more carefully the precious gift of time, and none, in any walk of life, could have evinced a greater enthusiasm for knowledge ; yet assuredly, if he had not laid the foundations of his ecclesiastical learning both deep and strong, while he studied in a Seminary, he never could have reared upon them that solid and magnificent edifice, which so long commanded the admiration of all that beheld its towering height and the goodly proportions of its structure.

But we should entertain a very erroneous opinion of his occupation at this period, did we imagine that learning, however noble or holy, was his chief pursuit. His great object, and that to which every thing else was subservient, was his sanctification. His studies were all carried on at the foot of the cross ; and like St. Paul, he sought “to know nothing, but Jesus Christ and him crucified.”¹ His constant care was so to discipline himself that he might truly and perseveringly “deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow”² his meek

¹ 1 Cor. ii. 2. ² Matthew xvi. 24.

and patient Redeemer. His most ardent desire was, that "Christ might dwell by faith in his heart, and that being rooted and founded in Charity, he might be able to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth, and length, and height, and depth ; to know also the charity of Christ, which surpasseth all knowledge."¹ His occupation therefore was not only nor chiefly study ; it was prayer ; it was meditating on holy things ; "a conversation in Heaven" with the Saints and the King of Saints and Angels ; it was dedicating himself unreservedly to the service of God, and offering his heart with all its affections as a holocaust on the altar of divine love. It was a constant striving to conform himself in all things to the image of Christ ; it was—for he knew well the vanity and hollowness of all pretensions to contemplative piety not founded on humility and confirmed by self-denying practice—it was implicit obedience to the directions of his superiors, and the prompt and willing discharge, before God and as an offering to God, of every duty which they assigned to him.

¹ Ephesians iii. 17, 18, 19.

If he catechized the children of some parish in the city, it was in the spirit of our blessed Redeemer, when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven ;"¹ if intrusted with the cleansing and decorating of the sanctuary, he fulfilled the duty with those sentiments which led holy David to exclaim, "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts ! my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord : better is one day in thy house above thousands ;"² if called upon to minister as an assistant to the priest at the altar, he felt himself honored by the sacred dignity of the office ; he stood before the victim offered up to God in the holy sacrifice, as if he stood by the cross of Calvary, with Mary Magdalen, and the beloved disciple, and Mary the Mother of Jesus ; and he retired saying within himself, "How terrible is this place ! this is no other but the house of God and the gate of Heaven."³ Thus for five years did he spend his time in retirement, devoted to sacred study and pious exer-

¹ Matthew xix. 14.² Ps. lxxxiii.³ Gen. xxviii. 17.

cises, living in a numerous community, respected and beloved alike by equals and superiors, and giving an example of the humility, simplicity, and obedience, which should always characterize the young ecclesiastic. Thus did he “choose to be an abject in the house of his God ;” and as “the sparrow findeth herself a house, and the turtle a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,” so did he find himself a home, even by “thy altars, O Lord of hosts !” and there having in his heart disposed to ascend by steps, he went from virtue to virtue,¹ “having thy word for a lamp to his feet and a light to his paths,”² and taking “the Lord for the portion of his inheritance and of his chalice.”³ In this manner he prepared himself for the great end at which he aimed—the worthy reception of the holy order of priesthood. He knew its sublime dignity and becoming holiness : he foresaw and armed himself against its dangers. How often he repeated to himself and to others that saying of St. Chrysostom, “the priest is another Christ.” How beautifully and feelingly

¹ Ps. lxxxiii.² Ps. cxviii. 105.³ Ps. xv.

he developed the lessons conveyed to the clergy, even more than to the laity, in those words of St. Paul : “ Let a man so look upon us as the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God.”¹ How eloquently he would describe the peculiar prerogatives and happiness of the holy and edifying priest, the “ faithful dispenser,” the true “ man of God ! ” And with what profound feeling he would weep over that scene of sadder ruin and desolation than any which Jeremias has lamented : the beauty of holiness departed from the sanctuary ; its lights extinguished ; its stately columns, once its strength and ornament, fallen, broken, and dishonored—stumbling-blocks to them who would enter into the house of God ! With such conceptions of the sublime dignity and awful responsibility of the sacerdotal profession, he received the ordination and entered on the duties of a minister of Christ. This took place on the feast of the most holy Trinity, in the year 1808.

Remarkable events are not to be looked for in the retired life of a pious ecclesiastical student ;

¹ Cor. iv. 1.

yet an occasion arose for the exhibition of a marked trait in his character. A friend of his and former fellow-student had fallen under the suspicion of the imperial government. He was deprived of his liberty, and threatened with loss of life. Deeply interested in his behalf, and convinced of his innocence, Mr. Bruté sought in vain to have his case revised. As a last resource, he prepared a memorial to the Emperor ; and for want of a better opportunity to present it, he seized one which he thought was offered him while serving mass in the imperial chapel. When mass was ended, he flew from the sanctuary, in the hope of anticipating the Emperor as he hastily retired by a private passage. Failing in the attempt, he flung his memorial before him ; but here too he was foiled by the rapidity of Bonaparte's motions, and came near being bayoneted by the gens d'armes in attendance. The imprudent boldness of the Seminarian, which might indeed have been attended with serious consequences, was censured by his superiors ; but the devoted fidelity of the friend was admired by all.

After his ordination, Mr. Bruté became a member of the Society of St. Sulpitius. He believed it to be the will of his heavenly Master that he should consecrate his talents to the important labor of educating aspirants to the holy ministry. He knew what great services this society had rendered to religion in France, and he saw in it illustrious models of every priestly quality. Of its members he ever afterwards spoke in terms of sincere attachment and profound respect. He entertained a peculiar veneration for the Superior General, the Abbé Emery, a man whom even Napoleon, having tried in vain to bend his inflexible integrity to his own despotic will, was compelled to admire for his conscientious firmness and unaffected piety ; and he used to say that he had never met with any one in whose character all the virtues were so happily blended, all the good qualities of mind and heart so well proportioned and so nicely balanced. An early proof was given of the regard in which the talents of the young priest were held. Soon after he had taken holy orders, he was offered the appointment of assistant Chaplain to the Em-

peror. He declined the offer, and, in obedience to his Bishop, repaired to the Seminary of Rennes, where he was immediately appointed Professor of Theology, an office which he filled with equal honor and ability, until he embarked for America in the summer of 1810, in company with Mr. Flaget, the present venerable and saintly Bishop of Bardstown. The voice of his superiors was to him the voice of God ; and dearly as he loved his country, his friends, his fond relatives, and that admirable mother who first taught him to place all his hopes in heaven, and loved to mark his progress from virtue to virtue and from step to step in the holy ministry, until he stood in the very presence of the “ God of Gods in Sion ; ” still, without a moment’s hesitation, he broke these cherished ties, and in the spirit of the Apostles, went forth to preach the Gospel in a far-off foreign land. He arrived in the United States on the 9th of August, 1810, and immediately joined his brethren of the Sulpitian Society at Baltimore. He was Professor of Philosophy in St. Mary’s College, until the 15th of December, 1815, when he was

chosen President. The College, under his government, advanced in reputation. Before his elevation to the presidency, he took an active part in vindicating its character and the religious belief of its professors against certain charges brought forward by the Presbytery of Baltimore, in a "Pastoral Letter," and reiterated, though not sustained, in a "Defence of the Pastoral." In a spirited Dialogue, pregnant with wit and learning, he exposed to merited contempt the blundering misrepresentations and declamatory virulence of the assailants of St. Mary's. He proved his zeal and charity at this period, by spending his vacations in missionary excursions to places where the Catholics had not the benefit of a resident pastor. The confidence of his worthy associates was manifested by the post which they assigned him ; nor was he less respected and beloved by Archbishop Carroll, whose long and honorable course of eminent services to religion and his country was now drawing to its close. Accustomed as Mr. Bruté was to the splendor which surrounds the high ecclesiastical dignitaries of Europe, he found something inex-

pressibly noble and affecting in the humble circumstances, the simple dignity of manners, and apostolic labors of this venerable prelate.

In June, 1818, he resigned his office in the College at Baltimore, and removed to Mount St. Mary's. From this period until his elevation to the Episcopacy, our own institution and our own neighborhood became the theatre of his talents and virtues ; and here, comparatively hid from the gaze of the world, he found room for the exercise of them all. His duties were multiplied and various, and required, to discharge them well, no ordinary share of zeal, industry, and versatility of powers. He was confessor to the Sisters of Charity, and for many years pastor of the congregation of Emmittsburg, while he frequently exercised in this congregation some of the most arduous functions of the holy ministry. In our Ecclesiastical Seminary, he lectured on sacred Scripture, and was Professor of Theology and of Moral Philosophy. In the College he taught, at different times, Natural Philosophy and various other branches. True greatness dignifies whatever sphere it moves

in. His genius and learning were conspicuous, when they expatiated through the Palace-halls of the Queen of Sciences,—Divinity : they were not less admirable when they descended to the humble task of teaching youth Geography, or explaining the little catechism to children. As Paul planted and Apollo watered, but God gave the increase,¹ so, having the immediate direction of the ecclesiastical students and the chief care of instructing them, he nurtured with pious solicitude and zeal the growing Seminary, which the venerable Mr. Dubois had devoted all his energies to plant and rear, and the labors of both were rewarded by Heaven with abundant fruits. His cheerful piety, amiable manners, and lively interest in the welfare of his pupils, were sure to win their hearts ; his eminent holiness of life secured not only respect but veneration. His exhortations to virtue and piety could scarcely fail of effect, because he recommended only what he practised himself. No standard of Christian or priestly excellence to which he pointed, could appear too high, since he was himself a

¹ Cor. iii. 6.

living instance of its attainment. If forgetful of this earth he always pointed and allured to Heaven, he also led the way. His piety was most tender and affectionate, and he showed clearly by his example what it is to love God with one's whole heart and whole soul, and with all the powers of one's mind. In all things he was a model to those subject to his direction. His hours of sleep were few, and, long before the morning's dawn, he arose to converse with his God, and give to him the first fruits of the day. During these early meditations, his soul, absorbed in heavenly contemplation and intimate union with its Creator, was largely visited with the refreshing dews of Divine grace, and when he approached the altar and offered up the holy sacrifice, his heart, already full to overflowing, was always overpowered by mingled emotions of reverential awe, and gratitude, and love, and often found relief in copious tears. He descended to the discharge of his ordinary duties, but, like Moses, he bore the marks of converse with his God, and, as words of heavenly wisdom fell from his tongue, you could readily fancy

that his lips, like those of Isaias, had been touched by the seraph with living coals of fire from the altar. His time was all divided between prayer and labor. He loved so well "the beauty of the house of the Lord, and the place where his glory dwelleth,"¹ that he would spend whole hours kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, and eventually he made it a rule, whenever it was practicable, to recite the divine office in this holy presence. Thither he would repair on returning from a long journey, during the rigors of winter, and, until he had satisfied this devotion, no persuasions could induce him to attend to his personal comfort ; at other times, unless he was engaged in active duties, you would find him in the midst of his splendid library, surrounded by the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and whatever besides is most rare and valuable in science and literature, pursuing his elevated studies with intense application and wonderful activity of mind, or committing to paper, for the benefit of others, the results of his profound investigations. His

¹ Psalm xxxv.

recreation was but variety of labor. When his wearied mind demanded its turn of relaxation, the most arduous bodily toil succeeded, and this round of exertions, mental and corporeal, was kept up with an elasticity of spirits and activity of mind truly surprising. After a journey of fifty miles, performed on foot in a single day, book in hand, praying and reading by turns, and scarcely stopping to take the simple refecton that nature required, he would meet his friends in the evening with a freshness of spirits and gayety of conversation which could not be surpassed. If, as a pastor, he had made an appointment, no obstacle could prevent him from keeping it. The mountain torrent, swollen with wintry rains and overflowing its banks, could not stop him. If other means of crossing it were not at hand, he plunged into its freezing tide, and, amid masses of floating ice, swam to the opposite shore. No sacrifice of comfort or necessary repose, neither hunger nor thirst, nor summer's heats nor winter's colds, could check his enthusiastic zeal or cause him to fail in punctuality to his engagement. But his charity

towards the poor was perhaps the most edifying trait in his character. It did not consist in merely pitying their miseries and exhorting others to relieve them. He was in the habit of visiting them in person, and in his own hands he bore the assistance which they needed, and he was able to procure them,—thus literally “feeding the hungry and clothing the naked.” His benevolence was ingenious in obtaining means for its exercise. Many a time he stripped himself of garments necessary to his own comfort, to bestow them on some shivering victim of poverty. But he seemed to delight in suffering himself, that he might alleviate the sufferings of others. Ingratitude on their part but inflamed his charity the more. The bigot, who drove him from his door by day, could not prevent him from bringing clothes and provisions to his needy family by night. However careful he might be to conceal his extraordinary good works, the general tenor and spirit of his conduct could not be hidden from the young ecclesiastics, whom he taught by word and example.

As a Professor of Theology, he excelled chiefly

in two things—a vast erudition, which left nothing unexplored, and a singular power of generalizing, which enabled him to grasp his whole subject and handle it with ease, by bringing all its details under a few grand principles. In exhibiting and supporting these principles he put forth all his strength. After adducing the evidence, which his extensive reading readily furnished, elucidating it by his luminous explanations, and applying the logical tests with cautious judgment and impartial rigor, his excursive mind brought in a rich and almost gorgeous profusion of analogies and illustrations from every part of the wide domains of human knowledge. Thus qualified for the task of directing and instructing ecclesiastics, he was able to render immense services to religion. Time will not permit me to unfold the proofs of his usefulness in this regard, but there is scarcely a diocese in this country which is not indebted (some of them very largely indebted) to his zeal, piety, and learning, and his great success in communicating his own spirit and knowledge to those whose ecclesiastical education he directed. If many worthy

and highly useful missionaries have gone forth from Mount St. Mary's to bear the blessings of religion to those who had them not before, or were but ill-provided with them, it is, under God, owing in a great degree to Mr. Bruté. If the bold assailants of our faith have been made to repent their temerity by its able defenders, no small proportion of these issued from the school, and were armed for the defence by the learning of Bishop Bruté. If Mount St. Mary's has contributed more than her quota, both of priests distinguished for zeal, piety, and eloquence, and of the Bishops, who in our portion of the Church adorn the mitre by their learning, talents, and virtue ; who can marvel at this, who knows aught of the transcendent genius, the deep erudition, the apostolic spirit, and bright example, of Bishop Bruté ?

Let us turn to other spheres, in which he labored with equal devotion and similar success. He was for many years the spiritual director of the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's, in our vicinity, and the main auxiliary of Mr. Dubois, under whose superiorship the sisterhood arose from the

humblest beginnings to a state of prosperous maturity. It was Mr. Bruté's arduous and responsible task to strengthen the vocation, foster the piety, enlighten and confirm the virtue, and fan into a burning flame the charity, both of the novices and professed Sisters. He and the venerable Superior were both men of God ; to God they recommended all their undertakings, trusting in him alone for success ; and his grace was with them and his blessing on their labors. Look abroad and behold the fruits of their zeal in the charitable institutions which adorn the land, and avert from it the anger of Heaven. The helpless orphan has found a mother to feed, and clothe, and comfort its distress, and teach its infant tongue to lisp the blessed name of Jesus. The raving maniac is soothed and calmed, and readily yields obedience to the sweet voice of heavenly charity. The destitute sick enter the public hospital or infirmary assured of having a tender nurse, whose soft tones shall charm away the pains of disease, or cause them to be patiently borne, for the love of their suffering Saviour. When pestilence stalks through

the land, and friends and neighbors flee from the house of infection, and "they that were near stand afar off," charity leads her humble daughters there, fearlessly to inhale the breath of contagion, and to be the servants of those who else would have none to help them: and there are angels of mercy bending over the bedside of the dying, who, while they wipe away from the sunken brow the clammy sweat of death, fix the dimmed eye on the sign of salvation, and turn its expiring glance to Heaven. Under God *we* are indebted—humanity, charity, religion, is in no slight degree indebted—for these blessed results to the ardent zeal of Bishop Dubois and Bishop Bruté.

Let the pious congregation of Emmittsburg tell how fruitful were the labors of their beloved pastor. Let this whole neighborhood attest the happy effects of his missionary toils, his instructions, his prayers, his unquenchable charity. Where is the poor man's cottage that he has not entered as the messenger of peace and mercy? Who was sick, and he did not visit and comfort

him? Who was in want, and he did not afford him, poor though he was himself, and always wished to be, some charitable relief? What road was there so rough, what weather so inclement, what night so dark, that he would not fly, on foot and alone, to minister the sweet consolations of religion? Did scandals arise? How his soul burned within him until the scandal was extinguished and the evil remedied! Were neighbors at enmity? I have seen him cowering under the fury of a winter storm, and pelted with driving sleet and snow, as he returned a considerable distance from the blessed work of reconciliation. It was the anniversary of that day on which our Saviour died to make our peace with God. But who can recount the innumerable instances of his disinterested zeal, his burning charity, his heroic self-denial? How many of his virtuous deeds—how many acts of benevolence, now known to none but God, will be brought to light before the assembled universe on the great day, when every one shall receive his proper retribution! Of his extraordinary piety and holiness I need say nothing

to this congregation ; for, though his was eminently “a life hidden with Christ in God,”¹ yet the flame of divine love that glowed in his breast was too strong and bright to be concealed ; and much more than he desired “did his light shine before men, so that seeing his good works they glorified their Father who is in Heaven.”² When you beheld him at this altar offering up the spotless Lamb that takes away the sins of the world, you knew that you beheld indeed the “man of God,” the worthy “minister of Christ” and faithful “dispenser of the mysteries of God.” When he proclaimed to you the truths of the Gospel, you were sure that you listened to the messenger of Heaven. Even those who could not understand him, because of his imperfect pronunciation of our language, often went away deeply moved and edified ; although they could not account for this effect, nor explain it otherwise than by saying that he appeared to them not as a man, but as an angel, speaking to their souls in the name and by the authority of God. But for those who did under-

¹ Col. iii. 3.² Matthew v. 16.

stand him well, what a rich spiritual repast was afforded by his eloquence—for he was eloquent in spite of his defects of idiom and pronunciation ! How pleased were they to hang upon his accents ! How did they love to follow the eagle flights of his genius ! How soon did their faith shake off its heavy slumbers, as conscience, from the deep abysses of the heart, responded to his bold appeals, and the smallest spark of charity rose into a consuming flame, and hope grew strong within them, and began to fix a steady look on Heaven ! And how much more eloquent in the cause of virtue than eloquence itself was the powerful pleading of his example !

Oh, my beloved brethren ! if much shall be required of them to whom much is given,¹ (and we are assured of this by the oracles of divine truth,) what a fearful account shall they have to render, on whom the blessings of such a man's ministry shall have been lavished in vain ! and, to indulge a more cheering sentiment, how great should be your gratitude to God, who sent his favored ser-

¹ Luke xii. 48.

vant to this portion of his vineyard, and left him so long among you ; so that you have been in a manner brought up in faith and piety at his feet, and have looked up to him, as he moved in your midst doing good to all, not as to one of this world, but almost as to a superior being descended on a mission of mercy and love, and caring only to allure and win you back to that Heaven, which he regarded, and taught you to regard, as your true country and your only home.

But the time arrived when this “burning and shining light” was to be placed on the golden candlestick of the Apostles. A Bishop was required for Vincennes,—one worthy to be the first occupant of a newly-erected see ; and the eye of the distant Father of all the Faithful, piercing the obscurity of our mountain solitude, rested on the distinguished qualifications of Mr. Bruté. I know that he would gladly have avoided this appointment. I know that he would have preferred our humble retirement to any post of honor,—I need not add of emolument, for that he ever disdained as unworthy of a priest. A splendid episcopacy

he would undoubtedly have declined. But to make new sacrifices,—to take up his lot in poverty and privation among entire strangers,—to go far from whatever was dear to him on Earth,—to be an instrument in the hands of Providence for spreading the glad tidings of salvation and causing God's name to be honored in the rising West, and to use his influence in his mother country to procure missionaries and other means for carrying on the work of redemption in the land of his adoption,—this his spirit of self-denial, his zeal, his charity, would not permit him to refuse. In any case it would have been a trial to his conscience to have exercised even the right of respectful remonstrance, when the visible head of Christ's church had spoken. He dared not do so, when that voice called upon him to make so many sacrifices and endure so much. He therefore bowed his head to a thorny mitre, and in the fall of 1834 proceeded towards his distant diocese. He left us ; but he never forgot his beloved Mountain. Twice he revisited us. Twice his fond looks wandered over this cherished spot, whose very name was endeared

to him by his tender devotion to the Mother of God ; where every object wore the charm of old familiarity, and where he had hoped to spend the quiet evening of his days, and, when his sun of life had set, to mingle his remains with those of former friends, who seemed to await him in their peaceful mountain graves. The first time he was on his return from Europe. He had stood amid the ruins and resurrection of the Eternal City ; he had received the blessing of the common Father of the Christian world, and he had been honored with marks of his peculiar esteem and favor. With inexpressible emotions of thankfulness and joy, he had offered up the victim of salvation in the Eucharistic sacrifice on the tombs of the Apostles : he had also scanned with the eye of genius and cultivated taste the noble productions of ancient and modern art, plunged into the labyrinths of Rome's great libraries, and by the evidences of his enlightened curiosity and profound erudition, as well as of his virtuous simplicity of manners, won the admiration of the first scholars of the age,—of such men as Cardinal Angelo Maii and Cardinal Mezzofanti.

At Vienna he had been ushered into palaces, courted by the great, the learned and the pious, treated with marked respect by the imperial family. He had also revisited for the last time his own "beautiful France," and there he had found himself encircled by affectionate relatives and devoted friends, honored by the noble and powerful, and admired by all :—and it was after all this—all this, which he had left without a sigh, that he returned to his beloved Mountain, and left it with a sigh, that he could not again bury himself in its peaceful obscurity.

He was consecrated Bishop in the Cathedral of St. Louis on the feast of St. Simeon and St. Jude, and, accompanied by the venerable Bishop of Bardstown and his former pupil, the Bishop of Cincinnati, he took possession of his Episcopal see on the fifth of November following. At Vincennes he found himself in the most trying circumstances. He was a stranger, poor, and alone. He saw around him little more than the wrecks of the Catholic faith and discipline of the original settlers. Looking abroad he beheld indeed an immense field

for labor ; but the ground was almost unbroken. Every thing was to be commenced and all was to be effected by himself. Destitute as he was of every human means of success, he applied himself with courage to his allotted task, and while he freely exposed himself to "the heat and burthen of the day," he prayed with fervor and confidence to the "Lord of the harvest, that he would send laborers into his harvest."¹ In less than eight months he had travelled more than a thousand miles on horseback, over roads almost impracticable ; had visited every part of his extensive diocese, and was as familiar with the minutest circumstances regarding its missions and those of the West in general, as if the whole of his valuable life had been devoted to them exclusively. He then proceeded to Europe to procure the succors which he needed. How he was there received, you have heard ; and you may still better judge from the successful issue of his visit. More than twenty missionaries accompanied him on his return ; and he obtained from the charity of our Catholic brethren in the

¹ Matthew ix. 38.

old world considerable resources for establishing schools, building churches, founding an asylum for destitute orphans, and celebrating the holy mysteries with becoming dignity.¹ His previous residence at Vincennes, though brief, had made so favorable an impression on the minds of all, that on his re-

¹ As he crossed the Atlantic nine times, and such occasions always elicited new proofs of his characteristic virtues, I shall give the words of an eye-witness of his conduct, who accompanied him on his last voyage: "Nothing could surpass his kindness and attention to all during the voyage from Europe. He had obtained a special permission from his Holiness to celebrate mass on board the vessel; but the passage was so tempestuous that we could rarely enjoy that consolation. We had thirty days' continued storm, part of the time the helm lashed, dead lights up, and the sea breaking tremendously over the ship at every instant. We were nearly all very unwell. The good Bishop alone was calm, as when seated in his own library,—sharing all the inconveniences of a protracted voyage and bad accommodations,—neglecting himself and attending with unwearied solicitude to the wants of every one. Night and day was he beside the berths of those whom sickness rendered incapable of assisting themselves. Even the poor deck passengers (most of them Dutch) had a large share of his good offices. Amidst all this, he found time to write a great deal, prepared an immense quantity of matter for his European correspondence, and held from time to time the most interesting and instructive conversations on the political and religious state of America, and particularly on the field of our future labors. The most minute circumstances regarding the Western missions were familiar to him. His comprehensive mind grasped the whole at a single glance, and his habits of analysis, aided by a powerful memory, enabled him to retain all that was valuable."

turn from Europe, he was greeted by the citizens of all denominations with every possible mark of esteem and respect. Now commenced a new series of labors. There was no station in his diocese which he did not visit repeatedly. At home he was at once the Bishop, the Pastor of the congregation, the Professor of Theology, the father of his family (for so he always designated his ecclesiastics), the benefactor of the poor, and the affectionate friend of all. In a short time he had opened a college, established at his own expense a free school, which is attended by from seventy to eighty pupils, and founded another for girls, together with an orphan asylum, under the superintendence of the Sisters of Charity. In order to carry on these various schemes of beneficence, and actuated by a spirit of humility and self-denial, he submitted to many privations, which his declining health could ill sustain. The Bishop, Clergy, seminarians and scholars of the college occupied the same house, took their meals in the same refectory, and in every respect constituted but one family. He reserved no privileges to himself; he would have no advan-

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tages or comforts which he could not share with all. His labors were so multifarious and burthen-some, that they would be scarcely credible to those who did not know his wonderful activity of mind and powers of endurance. In addition to the occupations I have already mentioned, he taught Theology in his seminary, gave lessons in French in one of his academies, furnished a large amount of historical and antiquarian information to the literary societies of Vincennes, wrote twice a month to every priest in his diocese, and maintained an extensive correspondence with almost every part of Europe and America.¹ It is but a short time since he took possession of his episcopal see. He found a single priest and but two or three churches in his diocese. He has left twenty-three missionaries in it; and in every town almost, besides many stations in country places, a temple has risen or is rising up to the honor of the living God. Though

¹ He has been known to return from a day's mission, find thirty letters on his table, and answer every one before retiring to rest. He made it a rule never to indulge a second sleep the same night; so that if he happened to awake at one or two in the morning, he instantly arose, lit his candle, and wrote or studied till daylight.

his health and strength, bending at last under the excessive toils and self-denials which all his life long he imposed on himself, were fast declining, he visited again and again every part of this sparsely settled portion of the West. Wherever might be found a handful of the faithful, to whom he could break the bread of life, thither his zeal urged him to repair, and thither he would go alone, on horseback, in every kind of weather, a lonely wanderer through the solitude of vast prairies or deep and gloomy forests, silently communing with his God, and supported by the consciousness that he was toiling and suffering for the love of his Redeemer and the everlasting welfare of his fellow-men. Broken down by his malady,—a wasting consumption,—and pronounced incurable, he still proceeded on these errands of mercy, “going about,” like his divine Master, “doing good to all.” Wherever he went, he engaged in all the duties of an ordinary pastor. To assist and console the poor laborers on the public works, he visited them in person, heard their confessions, preached and said mass in their miserable dwellings, administered the sacraments,

and prepared the dying for the awful passage to eternity. Difficulties that would have disheartened, and obstacles which might have been called insurmountable, but animated his zeal and charity. Having commenced a journey of four hundred miles, in such a state of bodily suffering that he could not sit upright on his horse, he nevertheless completed it, without the intermission of a single day. Shortly before his death, he left Vincennes to visit a distant mission, which he had already visited thrice within the year ; and though so weak and attenuated that he could scarcely support his tottering frame, in the absence of the pastor he answered three distant sick calls on the same day ; and almost dying, administered the consolations of religion to those who appeared no nearer mortal dissolution than himself. His desire was, “to spend and be spent himself for souls,”¹ “that he might gain them to Christ ;” and his motto seemed to be those beautiful words of St. Paul, “I do not count myself to have apprehended”—that is, to have reached the goal—“but one thing

¹ 2 Cor. xii. 15.

I do ; forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching myself forth to those which are before, I pursue towards the mark for the prize of the supernal vocation of God in Christ Jesus.”¹ Thus, my brethren, from the beginning to the end of his life, do we find in him the words of my text fulfilled. “Wisdom conducted the just man through the right ways, and showed him the kingdom of God, and gave him the knowledge of holy things ; made him honorable in his labors and accomplished his labors.” The merits of such a man cannot be summed up in a few words. It is only by borrowing the language of sacred inspiration, that we can represent his character in worthy colors. I would therefore liken him to “Simôn, the high priest,” “who took care of his nation,” and “obtained glory in his conversation with the people,” and apply to him the splendid eulogy which we read of that great man in the fiftieth chapter of Ecclesiasticus :

“He shone in his days, as the morning star in the midst of a cloud ; and as the moon at the full,

¹ Philip. iii. 13, 14.

and as the sun when it shineth, so did he shine in the temple of God. And as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds, and as the flower of roses in the days of the spring ; and as the lilies that are on the brink of the water ; and as the sweet-smelling frankincense in the time of summer ; and as a bright fire and frankincense burning in the fire ; as a massy vessel of gold adorned with every precious stone ; as an olive-tree budding forth, and a cypress-tree rearing itself on high ; when he put on the robe of glory and was clothed with the perfection of power. When he went up to the holy altar he honored the vesture of holiness ; and when he took the portions out of the hands of the priests, he himself stood by the altar. And about him was the ring of his brethren ; and as the cedar planted on Mount Libanus, and as branches of palm-trees, they stood round about him, and all the sons of Aaron in their glory. * * * * And finishing his service on the altar to honor the offering of the most High King, he stretched forth his hand to make a libation, and offered of the blood of the grape. * * * * Then

all the people together made haste, and fell down to the earth upon their faces to adore the Lord their God, and to pray to the Almighty God the most High. * * * * Then coming down, he lifted up his hands over all the congregation of the children of Israel, to give glory to God with his lips, and to glory in his name.”¹

Death, which could be no unwelcome visitor to one whose thoughts, hopes and affections all centred in a better world, found him full-handed of good works, and longing only “to be dissolved and to be with Christ.”² Invincibly patient and resigned under the severest suffering, full of tender piety, calm, collected, and brightly exhibiting his characteristic virtues to the last, he set a beautiful example of the manner in which a Christian should prepare himself to run his final race, and win the crown of a glorious immortality. As his strength diminished, his devotion increased. He sought no alleviation for his sufferings: on the contrary, he was eager still to labor and endure, in the twofold view of doing good to others.

¹ Ecclesiasticus c. 50.

² Phil. i. 23.

and resembling more his crucified Saviour. When unable to walk or stand, he would at least sit up and write to any whom he could hope to benefit by his correspondence ; and to those around him he would speak on pious subjects, such as the love of God, conformity to his holy will, or devotion to the Blessed Virgin, with the unction of a saint and the ardor of a seraph. But six hours before his death he wrote with his own hand, and not without much difficulty and pain, several moving letters to persons who had unfortunately abandoned the practice of their faith, and to whom he wished to make this dying appeal in behalf of their souls, while the portals of Eternity were closing upon him. These last precious days of his life were thus entirely taken up in works of charity, in instructing, edifying, and consoling those who were with him, and in intimate and affectionate communion with his God, whom he hoped soon “to see face to face,” and to love and enjoy forever. He preferred often to be left alone, that he might the more freely indulge his pious feelings, and for this end he would allow no one to

watch by him at night, until his mortal agony had begun. When his friends affectionately sought to know what they could do to relieve his sufferings, he would answer them by pointing out some passage of sacred Scripture or chapter of the Following of Christ, which he desired them to read to him, or by asking them to say some prayers for his happy death. No agonies of pain could extort from him a single expression of distress. "The will of God be done"—was the constant language of his lips, as it was the abiding sentiment of his heart. When preparing to receive the holy Viaticum, he wrote to us in the true spirit of saintly humility, requesting the prayers of our Seminary and of the Sisterhood, and begging pardon for whatever offence or bad example he had ever given to any one at either institution. A few days before his dissolution, the strength of his naturally vigorous constitution rallied for a time, and his physician promised him at least a temporary recovery : he told the physician he was mistaken, and, whether he knew it supernaturally or otherwise, named the exact time

of his approaching departure. He gave, himself, the orders for preparing his grave, and as calmly directed the mode of sepulture and proper rites to be observed, as if he was discharging an ordinary duty. On the morning of the day before his death, he remarked to the clergyman, who attended him with unwearied solicitude and affection: "My dear child, I have the whole day yet to stay with you—to-morrow, with God!" To another pious friend he used these simple but expressive words; "*I am going home.*" Heaven was indeed his *home*; he had always so regarded it: there was his treasure; his heart was there; he had ever longed to be with God and "see him as he is;" and now the door of his Father's house was opening to him, and angels were on the wing to meet his departing spirit and conduct it to its place of rest. He was happy therefore amid the pangs and terrors of death; he was but going home. After having received the last sacraments, he directed the departing prayers to be recited, which he answered devoutly and fervently until the last, and, then on the morning of the 26th of

June, at half-past one o'clock, he calmly and sweetly surrendered his soul into the hands of his Creator. Oh, how "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints!"¹ How different from the last moments of the poor deluded worldling—of the sinner trembling on the confines of his life, which he is loth to quit, and of eternity, which he justly dreads to enter. But blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow them.²

His death was deplored as a general calamity. He was especially lamented by the poor, the widow and orphan. The people of Vincennes felt that they had lost a public benefactor. His own flock, both clergy and laity, bewailed, as they well might, the death of such a pastor. All with one accord mourned for the scholar, the philanthropist and the saint. Crowds of persons of every rank, and of all denominations, visited his corpse, and assisted at the ceremonies of his burial. The Mayor and civil authorities, and learned societies

¹ Ps. cxv.² Apoc. xiv. 13.

of Vincennes passed resolutions to attend his funeral. The whole population poured forth to accompany in solemn silence his honored remains to their last resting-place on earth.

Transcendent virtue never dies. The grave but gives it sacredness, and invests it with a brighter halo. The true Christian character acquires beauty from the touch of death. We see new charms and feel an interest surpassing what we felt before. We would wish to know the steps by which such a man became all that he was. I have very imperfectly sketched the history of Mr. Bruté's life; the steps or process by which he reached so high an eminence of holiness can, I think, be very briefly stated. He was faithful through life to every duty, obedient to every intimation of the divine will, careful to husband and make the best use of every grace which he received. Had it been otherwise—had he yielded to the temptations which encompassed his youth, or neglected his golden opportunities of intellectual, moral, and religious improvement, or failed

to "stir up the grace which was in him,"¹ how different would have been his lot and that of innumerable souls for whose salvation he was a chosen instrument in the hands of God! How many, as nobly gifted as he, and destined to a career of equal beneficence, have fallen, sadly fallen from their high estate, "to walk in the counsel of the ungodly, to stand in the way of sinners, and sit in the chair of pestilence." But he was that "blessed man, whose delight is in the law of God; who meditates on that holy law both day and night, and who is like a tree planted by the running waters, which keeps its leaf verdant, and brings forth its fruit in due season; all whatsoever he doeth prospers."² It was thus, my brethren—for hallowed words alone can describe the growth of such a character—it was thus that he became "a burning and shining light" in the Church of God, a living evidence of the beauty, holiness, and truth of our religion. I speak reflectingly; for I know that his example brought many, who wandered they knew not where, into

¹ 2 Tim. i. 6. ² Ps. i.

the fold of Catholic unity. By its fruits in him they knew his religion; for his virtues were the genuine offspring of his faith. He but practised what he believed and taught. As a Xavier, a Vincent of Paul, a Fenelon, or a Cheverus, he lived up to the standard of his creed, and his actions but embodied its spirit. Nor, my brethren, did his faith rest on insufficient grounds. He had studied the sacred Scriptures as few men have ever studied them. He had the leisure, the knowledge, the intellectual habits, the ardor of investigation necessary to succeed in such a study. There was no day on which he did not peruse and revolve in mind a considerable portion of the sacred volume. He had read it in the languages of the original text as well as in the modern versions. It was a favorite occupation, a constant delight. And he brought to this study the greatest purity and singleness of mind, together with an unusual docility of heart, and the spirit of fervent prayer. You, who knew him, can attest this; his whole life is the evidence of it. With the history of religion he was not less familiar.

Day and night, for nearly forty years, this was the subject of his researches and meditations. He was always surrounded by the needful documents ; and the vast libraries of European capitals had opened their treasures to his investigations. If a thorough knowledge of ancient monuments and records could aught avail in the search for truth, he did not want this means of finding it. Nor was he by any means a stranger to the arguments of those who reject the doctrines which he held. There is no system of religious opinions with the writings of whose ablest defenders he was not conversant. More than once have I known him both to surprise and enlighten the zealous secretary, by opening before him the works of the founder of his religious denomination, or by pointing out in his confession of faith some assertion which had before escaped his attention. If then the belief of a Catholic could rest on any other foundation than the divine authority duly exhibited ; if it could be based on individual opinion, most carefully and maturely formed by exercising faculties of mind of the highest order on all the evi-

dence that belongs to the subject ; it might be said of Mr. Bruté's convictions that such was their foundation. But faith is the gift of God. Revealed truth is a sacred deposit which its heavenly author has committed to the custody of his Church, having sealed it with marks of divinity, and promised to guard it with a persevering power, against which "the gates of Hell shall never prevail."¹ The result therefore of Mr. Bruté's varied reading and immense researches was not the formation of any peculiar system of opinions ; it was not indifference or scepticism ; it was not to set his mind adrift on the ocean of uncertainty, liable "to be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine."² But it was a firm and unshaken belief in the divine revelation, the perfect submission of his mind to the truths brought down from Heaven by the Son of God and preached by his Apostles, and a devoted attachment to the authority of the Church which has preserved and transmitted them, and which for this very purpose God himself built on the rock, and armed with his own infallibility,

¹ Matth. xvi. 18. ² Ephes. iv. 14.

while he commissioned its pastors to teach by his authority, and with his promise of divine assistance, all nations to the consummation of ages.¹ Hence, when he became himself a pastor of the Church, he taught "as one having authority ;" not as one broaching new opinions, but as the herald of immutable truth. In the defence of his faith he would cheerfully have encountered martyrdom. To communicate its blessings to his fellow-men, he left his country, friends, and family, exerted all his energies for more than thirty years, courted innumerable hardships and privations, exhausted his strength, and ultimately sacrificed his life ; for he died, as you have seen, a victim to his heroic charity.

He has departed ; but his good works remain : he yet lives in the fruits of his labors : his services to religion in this country can never be forgotten. Bishop Bruté is no more ; but his virtues have survived : his bright example shines steadily before your view and claims your imitation. If you truly revere his memory, follow that example ; if

¹ Matth. xxviii. 19, 20.

you would honor his virtues, practise them yourselves ; if you feel gratitude for his zeal and charity, forget not his lessons ; despise not the exhortations and entreaties which he so often addressed to you. If you would prove to him that gratitude, pray for him : even he may need your prayers ; and should he not, your charity will not go unrewarded. But, my beloved brethren, be careful to draw from the consideration of his life the instruction it is calculated to convey. Learn from him how to estimate at its true value the “supernal prize for which we run.” Learn from him that they who are in earnest about the salvation of their souls do not lead an idle, tepid or effeminate, much less a vicious life. Learn from him what kind of violence the Kingdom of Heaven suffers, and who are the “violent that bear it away.”¹ Learn from him “to deny yourselves, and take up your cross and follow” your divine leader. Learn from his example to love God above all things with your whole heart and mind and strength, and your neighbor as yourself ; to be zealous for every good

¹ Matth. xi. 12.

work, merciful to the poor, charitable to all, and to seek your own sanctification in all things, by doing every thing for the sake of God, and in conformity to his holy will. It is thus, my brethren, we are admonished by inspired wisdom to “remember our prelates who have spoken to us the word of God ; and, considering the end of their conversation, to imitate their faith :”¹ and the same inspired wisdom has assured us that he who “feeds the flock of Christ” entrusted to him, “and takes good care thereof, not by constraint, but willingly according to God : not for the sake of filthy lucre, but voluntarily ; not as domineering over the clergy, but being made a pattern of the flock from the heart ; when the Prince of pastors shall appear, shall receive a never-fading crown of glory.”²

¹ Heb. xiii. 7.² 1 Pet. v. 2, 3, 4.

DISCOURSE ON THE

Right Reverend John Dubois, D. D.

BY THE REV. JOHN McCAFFREY, D. D.

DISCOURSE

ON THE RT. REVEREND JOHN DUBOIS, D. D., BISHOP OF NEW YORK, FOUNDER OF MOUNT ST. MARY'S, AND SUPERIOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S, PRONOUNCED IN MOUNT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, JANUARY 24, 1943, ON THE OCCASION OF A SOLEMN SERVICE FOR THE REPOSE OF HIS SOUL, BY REV. JOHN McCAF-FREY, D. D., PRESIDENT OF MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

Blessed is the man who hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, nor sat in the chair of pestilence: But his will is in the law of the Lord, and on his law shall he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted near the running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season. And his leaf shall not fall off; and all, whatsoever he shall do, shall prosper.—Ps. i. 1, 2, 3.

It is not, my brethren, a temporal prosperity that is promised to those who avoid the ways of sinners, and meditate continually on the law of God. All things which they do shall indeed prosper, but in that higher sense, in which the inspired Apostle assures us that, "for those who love God, all things work together unto good."¹ The lot of the truly religious man may be obscurity and af-

¹ Rom. viii. 28.

fliction ; it may be disappointment in all his earthly hopes—still “the light of God’s countenance shines upon him ;” he is advancing in the path of Christian perfection ; his soul abounds in spiritual riches, and growing daily in favor with his Heavenly Father, is daily more and more adorned with heavenly graces. Truly, therefore, is he “like a tree planted near the running waters,” which hides its abundant fruit beneath its luxuriant foliage.

But, my brethren, there is a kind of temporal prosperity which the greatest saints have prized and coveted, and which we all regard as a mark of divine approbation. I mean success in great undertakings begun for God’s sake alone, and carried on through purest zeal for his glory, amidst continual sacrifices and self-denials, in the spirit of humble piety and incessant prayer. The Xaviers, the Ignatii, the Vincents of Paul, in their stupendous efforts to gain souls to Christ and benefit mankind, were animated by a hope that the divine blessing would prosper all their labors. The Apostles, bearing the triumphant standard of Christi-

anity from land to land, did not fail to sing canticles of victory to their heavenly leader, and as, when they were scourged by the Jews, "they rejoiced that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus,"¹ so, when thousands were converted by their preaching, they gave thanks to God, who crowned their ministry with such success. This kind of prosperity is given to none but the chosen servants of God. Our Divine Redeemer intimates it when he says to the twelve, "I have chosen you, and have appointed you, that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."²

Now, my brethren, called together by a common feeling of gratitude towards a common benefactor, lift up your eyes, look round about, and tell me what you see ! what but monuments of the pure religious zeal of Bishop Dubois, clearly marked with the seal of divine benediction ? Who reared to the honor of Almighty God the temple in which you are assembled ? Who set it beautifully on the Mountain's brow, to crown our

¹ Acts v. 41. ² John xv. 16.

sacred hill as with a diadem of glory ? From this lofty height, enjoying a magnificent prospect, which expands and elevates the soul,—with half of Maryland stretched before you, and a large part of Pennsylvania, and something of Virginia too,—tell me, who has done most for the welfare, above all, the spiritual welfare of those who have pitched their tents upon the mountain's side, or in its fertile valleys, or on the plain below ? Who adorned our neighborhood with that noble collegiate edifice ? Who raised up, in the tangled forest, that abode of science and letters ? Who dedicated to the muses that crystal spring, gushing in cool, delicious waves from the rock ? Who taught the wilderness to bloom as a garden, and converted the rude forest into a paradise, in which study and piety might, like twin angels, walk hand in hand, and from which it might be hoped that the tempting serpent of worldly dissipation would be effectually excluded ? Who established that nursery of the American Church, from which so many Priests and Bishops have gone forth,—pastors according to God's own heart,—men whose talents,

learning, and piety have reflected lustre on their *Alma Mater*, and rendered *Mount St. Mary's* "a bright and venerable name?" Who gave a still more enviable celebrity to St. Joseph's Valley, and, like the Prophet smiting the rock at Horeb, caused a perennial fountain of charity to gush forth, that the poor orphan might not, for want of the well-springs of religious benevolence, perish of thirst in the arid desert of human society? Who gave mothers to the motherless, tender nurses to the destitute sick, meek-eyed, soft-toned sisters to calm the raving maniac, and govern by gentleness and sweet affection the darkened being whom reason has ceased to rule? Who prepared and formed those Christian heroines, ready at any moment to fly to the seat of contagion, there to hover, like guardian angels, around the suffering and dying,—soothing every sorrow, relieving every pain, inspiring confidence by their calm intrepidity, inspiring piety by their beautiful example, inspiring the guilty soul with contrition and the despairing with hopes of mercy, and breathing their own faith, and charity, and humble trust, into the spirit trem-

bling on the verge of eternity? Who, in a word, nurtured the institution of the Sisters of Charity from helpless infancy up to a strong and flourishing maturity? What one man, I ask, has in this our day and in our country, done most for the good of souls, most for the relief of human misery, most for the benefit of society? You are all ready with one voice to answer:—It is Bishop Dubois, the father of St. Joseph's—the founder of Mount St. Mary's. Yes, he was that “blessed man” of whom the psalmist speaks. He was “like the tree, planted by the running waters, and bringing forth fruit in due season.” All things, whatsoever he did, were fertilized by the dews of Heaven, were watered from the fountains of divine grace, and prospered under the blessing of the Most High God.

To us particularly, my brethren, his religious zeal was a fountain of blessings; and now that he hath gone to rest in the bosom of his Lord, like pious children, who have lost a beloved and venerated father, let us seek consolation in the remembrance of his virtues, and strengthen all our

good resolutions by the argument of his edifying example.

The ways of God are indeed mysterious, and admirable are the designs of his mercy, and beautiful it is to trace, where light is given us to do so, their progress and development. A foreigner, flung by the tempest of an impious and bloody revolution on our hospitable shores, boldly undertakes, with none of the ordinary means, and no human prospect of success, and happily achieves, the most important works of benevolence : a friendless stranger, flying from the wrath of his brethren beyond the Atlantic, adopting customs and institutions quite new and strange, and lisping a language unknown to his youth, becomes the benefactor of the country which adopts him, as Joseph, sold into captivity, a sojourner in the land of Cham, received from Egypt's sons the glorious name of "Saviour." In studying the history of the good man whose example it is my duty to unfold to you, I behold indeed a chosen instrument of Divine Providence ; but I also behold the noble portrait, which the royal psalmist has drawn with

a skilful hand, of him who is truly pious and therefore truly blessed ; one who flies the company of sinners, who gives all his affections to the law of God, and meditates on it both day and night, that, knowing his heavenly Father's will, he may more and more perfectly accomplish it ; one who, in reward for this fidelity of mind and heart in the midst of "an unbelieving and perverse generation," is inspired with high resolves and great designs, is endowed with vigor, fortitude, and perseverance to execute them, and favored with manifest signs of divine protection in the signal success of his undertakings.

Mr. Dubois was born in Paris, on the 24th day of August, in the year 1764. His parents were respectable, and appear to have been in easy circumstances. They knew that "it is good for a man to have borne the yoke from his youth ;"¹ they knew, that if you train up a young man in the way in which he should walk, "even when he is old, he will not depart from it."² They were, therefore, or rather his prudent mother (for he lost

¹ Lament. iii. 27. ² Prov. xxii. 6.

his father when very young) was especially careful to implant in his tender breast the seeds of every virtue. From the character of the man we learn the principles instilled into the soul of the child. He was educated at the college of Louis le Grand ; a college which has given to France so many of her most illustrious sons, and which contributed to form the character of him who longest remained amongst us, as a grand and beautiful specimen of that august Assembly which decreed our national independence.¹ Among his preceptors were the famous poet, the Abbé Delille, and the Abbé Prayart, author of the life of Decalogne. The memory of that saintly youth, whose example, faithfully

¹ Of the interesting and edifying incidents of his collegiate life, still remembered by those who enjoyed his friendship and heard them from his lips, I shall give but one. He was fond, when a boy, of relating anecdotes to his fellow-students, and frequently embellished facts with the fictions of imagination. But these deviations from truth afterwards troubled his conscience, and he was advised by his Confessor to punish himself by retracting every false assertion, the moment he perceived that he had uttered it. An occasion was not long wanting, and he was resolute enough for the heroic task of self-condemnation. Yet such was the agony of feeling induced by the struggle between pride and principle, that he fainted the moment after he had made the humiliating avowal. From that time forth he was scrupulously exact in adhering to the truth in the most trivial, as well as the most important matters.

pictured in this little volume, has led so many students to give to God the flower of their days, was then so revered and cherished, that the greatest mark of confidence and affection which the Directors of the college could bestow on a deserving pupil, was to give him, at the opening of studies, the place which Decalogne had occupied. This honor was conferred on the young Dubois, and so highly appreciated by him, that even in old age, when his silvery locks gave dignity to all his words, he could not mention it without tears of joy and gratitude. In the examples of his professors and of many among his fellow-students, he found encouragement to the practice of every virtue ; yet in the same school, and on the same forms with this pious youth, were some who were soon to reach a bad pre-eminence, and act a conspicuous part in the bloody tragedy which his country was preparing to exhibit to the astonished and affrighted world. There, side by side, you might have seen John Dubois and Camille Des Moulins, the frantic instigator of the savage and ferocious mobs of Paris ! or, stranger still, the

meek, benevolent founder of Mt. St. Mary's and protector of St. Joseph's, in contact with the most execrable monster that France gave birth to even in the wild throes of her guilty revolution—the bloodthirsty Robespierre! “I shall never forget,” Mr. Dubois was wont to say to his collegiate pupils, “I shall never forget the looks and manners of him who afterwards proved such a monster of ferocity. He was unsocial, solitary, gloomy; his head was restless, his eyes wandering, and he was a great tyrant towards his younger and weaker companions. I could literally apply to him,” added this good old President, “the account which St. Gregory Nazianzen gives of his fellow-student at Athens, Julian the apostate. We might even then have exclaimed with this saint, ‘What a monster our country is bringing up in this youth!’” Between such fellow-students there could be no community of feeling. The one “walked in the counsel of the ungodly, and stood in the way of sinners, and sat in the chair of pestilence;” the other centred his will in the law of God, and made it his delight to learn and keep

its precepts and imbibe its spirit. The one became the bloody scourge of his country; the other, the benefactor of ours. The one spoke the language of philosophy and philanthropy, and then filled France with widows and orphans; the other preached the gospel of charity, and dried the widows' tears and gave mothers to the orphans. The instrument and emblem of the one was the guillotine; of the other, the Cross of Christ.

Of Mr. Dubois's success in his collegiate studies, I know little more than that he took the prize in Latin poetry, and among many useful acquisitions, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the noble Roman language, which he afterwards wrote with ease and elegance. His parents had destined him for the army; but his Father in Heaven called him to a more honorable service and a better warfare. Listening to the voice which bade him "deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow his Redeemer,"¹ he resolved to consecrate himself entirely to God, and entered on his ecclesiastical studies in the seminary of St. Magloire, under the

¹ Matth. xvi. 24.

direction of the Oratorians. Here his time was altogether devoted to the acquisition of that knowledge and the formation of those habits, which, like the columns of a majestic temple, are at once the supports and ornaments of the priestly character. From this time forth, his delight was wholly in the law of God, and on it he meditated day and night. In this calm retreat he laid the solid foundations of that beautiful edifice of Christian perfection, which all his life long it was his care to complete and adorn. Here he learned to regard himself as "a miserable sinner," the title by which he loved to characterize himself in his confidential communications with his pious friends. Here he acquired that ardent zeal and patient self-denial, which made him ever afterwards willing "to spend and be spent for souls, that he might gain them to Christ."¹ Here he learned to live entirely by faith, that firm, unwavering faith which does not deign to watch the flitting shadows of this life, but steadily contemplates those things which, though invisible to the eye of flesh, are alone substantial and

¹ 2 Cor. xii. 15.

eternal.¹ Here piety grew up and flourished in his soul, and his heart was turned entirely to God, and received all the sweet influences of divine grace, as the flower opens its bosom to the morning sun and catches the nurturing dews of Heaven. He found kindred spirits among his brother Sem-inarians, and with several of them contracted an intimate and lasting friendship ; with two particularly, whom he esteemed and loved until they were called away before him to receive the crown of their labors—the Abbé McCarthy, who after the revolution became the first pulpit orator of France, whose eloquence in recommending virtue was surpassed only by his fidelity in practising it, whose fame is a bright gem even in the diadem of the illustrious Society of Jesus ; and Cardinal Cheverus, the most beloved of pastors, the most amiable of men, who in Boston wrung the highest praise from bigotry itself.

Ordained priest before the canonical age, by a dispensation, on the 22d of September, in the year 1787, he first exercised the holy ministry in the

¹ 2 Cor. iv. 18.

parish of St. Sulpice, in his native city, and was one of the chaplains of a vast establishment in the Rue de Seve, in which the Sisters of Charity had the care of a large number of insane patients and destitute orphans. But the revolution had begun, and the clergy were among its first victims. The Archbishop of Paris, whose esteem and confidence were justly given to the young priest, had fled to Germany for shelter from the storm. The constitutional oaths, which could not be taken in conscience, were tendered and refused, and the firm independence of Mr. Dubois had rendered him especially obnoxious to the impious miscreants, who were grasping with bloody hands the powers of government. Like the great body of his clerical brethren, he preferred exile or death itself to any criminal compliance. Acquainted with the family of La Fayette, he obtained from him, not only a passport, but also letters of introduction to some of the leading men of the United States, and quitting Paris in disguise in May, 1791, he made his escape to Havre, accompanied by a trusty servant, and landed at Norfolk, in Virginia, in the follow-

ing July. Bishop Carroll welcomed the faithful exile, and authorize him to exercise the functions of his holy ministry, first at Norfolk and afterwards at Richmond. Recommended by General La Fayette to the Randolphs, Lees and Beverleys, to James Monroe and Patrick Henry, he received the kindest and most respectful attentions from these distinguished statesmen and their numerous friends, and for want of a Catholic chapel, said mass in the *Capitol*, and there administered the sacraments to the few scattered Catholics, who could avail themselves of his ministry. This liberality, which even to the present day will appear astonishing to some, is still more surprising, when it is remembered that his immediate predecessor in the pastorship of Frederick, Father Frambach, was obliged to disguise himself, when he visited the Catholics of Virginia, was in imminent danger the whole time, commonly on such occasions slept in the stable beside the beast that he rode, and once at least was so hotly pursued, that, had it not been for the fleetness of his horse, he would have been overtaken and killed before he reached

the Potomac and found safety on the Maryland shore. Mr. Dubois supported himself by teaching French, while he was studying and making himself familiar with English ; and he used to acknowledge himself indebted to the eloquent Patrick Henry for many friendly lessons in our language. Fully prepared for taking an active part in the duties of an American missionary, he was in 1794 called by Bishop Carroll to Frederick in this State, from which Father Frambach had retired on account of his great age and infirmities. In this town he found but few Catholics : there were some scattered through Montgomery county ; —a few on the Maryland tract, including the family of Governor Lee, a recent convert to our holy faith,—a handful in this neighborhood, consisting of the families of its original settlers, and a few more in the village of Emmittsburg. Hagerstown required occasional attendance, and both Martinsburg and Winchester in Virginia were included in his regular missionary visits. In a word, he was pastor of all Western Maryland and Virginia, and for some time the only Catholic priest

between the city of Baltimore and the city of St. Louis. Some among my present hearers can yet remember how the scattered members of his widespread flock from distances of twenty, forty, even sixty miles, came into Frederick on foot, on horseback, or in rustic wagons, on the eve of the Christmas or Easter solemnities, to have the happiness of assisting at the holy sacrifice and participating in the divine mysteries, celebrated with so much primitive simplicity and fervent piety in an upper room of their pastor's humble residence.

His labors for the salvation of souls were at this period immense. He had an iron constitution of body, and no man was ever more remarkable for energetic, persevering, indomitable resolution. He allowed himself no idle moments,—no respite from toil or relaxation after fatigue ;—and it seemed to be his constant determination to compensate by his own personal exertions for all the disadvantages under which the faithful, depending on his spiritual ministration, then labored. He was incessantly engaged in passing from station to station, hearing confessions, preaching the word of

God, celebrating the divine mysteries, visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, helping the distressed, edifying all by his own good example, and infusing into the hearts of all a sincere love of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are modest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are amiable, whatsoever things are of good repute."¹ Not content with his sermons and other instructions on Sundays and festivals, during the week he visited the retired farm-house, immediately summoned the children and servants to his presence, heard them repeat their catechism and recite their prayers, explained the mysteries of faith and their Christian duties in such simple and familiar manner as suited their capacity, gave some mark of approbation to those who answered best, some gentle reproof most sweetly administered and mixed with much encouragement to the negligent, and a kind word and amiable look to all. By his extraordinary attention to the children he was sure to win the hearts of the parents. He thought the catechizing

¹ Phillp. iv. 8.

of the young a more important matter than preaching to the grown, and he was afterwards most careful to impress this maxim on the ecclesiastics whom he trained up to the duties of the holy ministry, so many of whom have since proved its correctness and experienced its blessed results. Highly systematic in his labors, he regarded punctuality to his engagements as a duty paramount to every personal consideration. "The shepherd," he used to say, "must never disappoint his flock; it would cause their dispersion and ruin if he did." Hence, when he had once made an appointment, no matter what difficulties intervened, no matter how inclement the weather, how long the journey or how bad the roads, when the appointed hour came, Mr. Dubois was there. On one occasion he had just arrived at Emmitsburg much fatigued on a Saturday afternoon, and was going to the confessional, when a distant sick-call came. Before leaving Emmitsburg, he directed the usual preparations to be made for the celebration of mass on Sunday, saying that he would be back in time.

He returned to Frederick, and thence proceeded to Montgomery county ; administered the consolations of religion to the dying person, and, after a journey of nearly fifty miles, after twice swimming his horse across the Monocacy,—the last time at the risk of his life,—for wearied nature caught a snatch of sleep while the noble animal was breasting the angry stream,—he was again in the confessional at nine o'clock on Sunday, without having broken his fast, and sung mass and preached as usual at a late hour in the forenoon, and with so little appearance of fatigue, that the majority of the congregation never even suspected that he had stirred abroad in the interval. Efforts nearly as great as this were by no means uncommon with him. There was no species of hardship, no inconvenience or discomfort which he did not cheerfully endure. For he knew how to turn all sufferings to good account. He was inflamed with zeal for the honor of God and salvation of souls, and choosing to be poor in this world, he was covetous of those riches which men too often neglect and despise : he was determined to lay up

treasures in Heaven, where the thief cannot enter, nor the moth consume. "Filled with the knowledge of God's holy will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding," he strove to "walk worthy of God, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God, strengthened with all might, according to the power of his glory, in all patience and long-suffering with joy ; giving thanks to God the Father, who made him worthy to be partaker of the lot of the saints."¹ Habituated to the elegant refinements of the most polished society in the world, he was, in the discharge of his pastoral duties, as much at home with the rude and illiterate, as if he had been brought up among them, and that without ever forgetting for a moment the sacred dignity of his character, or the true politeness of a Christian gentleman. He was affable, familiar, kind, but paternal : "He made himself all to all, that he might win all to Christ."² All the members of his flock looked up to him with filial affection and with filial respect. His influence, as the pastor, the friend,

¹ Col. i. 9, 10, 11, 12.² 1 Cor. ix. 12.

the father of all, was very great : among you, my brethren in this rural parish, it was almost unbounded. You can bear witness that it was exerted only to promote virtue, and piety and domestic happiness, and universal good will. Even in matters of a mixed nature, or which seemed to relate more to your temporal than to your spiritual welfare, how beneficial to you was that authority which his virtues conferred upon him. You can remember how strenuously and effectually he labored to preserve among you a proper simplicity of manners ; how firmly he set his face against the introduction of the frivolous fashions, the follies and dissipations of the world ; how vigorously he crushed the many-headed monster of extravagance. Which of you was willing, while he was your pastor, to bring the trappings of worldly vanity into the house of God ? Mild and amiable as he was, yet how severe was his rebuke of the silly affectation of wealth, the show without the substance of prosperity ? He was not a lecturer on political economy, and he moved in a sphere far above the low and selfish strife of party politics ; but in re-

commending always economy, frugality, and industry as virtues required in the Christian, and in denouncing, as I have heard him do most unsparingly, the cancerous system of contracting debt without a clear foresight of the means of payment, he was inculcating the true policy both for your temporal and eternal interest. Nor was his influence confined to those who acknowledged him as their pastor. The upright Protestant referred his cause to him as to one "clad with justice, and who clothed himself with judgment as with a robe and a diadem."¹ For "he was an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame, and the father of the poor; and the cause which he knew not he searched out diligently; and he sat as a king with his army standing about him, and as a comforter to them that mourned."²

Mr. Dubois had that bold and sanguine spirit which is required in the founder of important institutions or the leader in arduous enterprises. When he undertook to build the first Catholic Church in Frederick, he no sooner exhibited his

¹ Job xxix.

² Job xxix.

plans and an estimate of the expenses, than everybody predicted that the undertaking must fail. "We all thought," to repeat the words of one of his parishioners, who now fills with honor the first judicial station in our government; "we all thought that the means could never be raised to pay for such a building, that the Church would never be completed, and if it were completed, it would never be filled with Catholics." Mr. Dubois thought differently, and he persevered. He built the Church, paid for it, and lived not only to see it filled, but to celebrate the divine mysteries in that much more spacious and more splendid temple which has been erected by his present worthy successor in the pastorship of that congregation. In like manner when he spoke to the people of the great plan which he was revolving in his active mind, of establishing a college for the education of their children and the supply of the holy ministry, there were few, if any, who could enter into his views. Most persons listened with looks of surprise or smiles of incredulity, and some privately pronounced him crazy; and many a laugh

and jeer went round, when, amid difficulties which we can scarce conceive, he was bringing together, in the midst of a dense, miry, and almost inaccessible thicket, the rude materials of his first humble school-house. Need I now ask who was right—the bold, indefatigable, heaven-inspired projector, or the idle, short-sighted scoffers? After all, both were right. They took the natural view of things; he viewed the matter in the light of divine faith. They said: it is humanly impossible. He said: this thing is indeed impossible with men, but it is not so with God. “He,” to use the beautiful language of the psalmist, “He dwelt in the aid of the Most High; he was overshadowed by his shoulders, and in his wings he trusted.”¹ Yet while he trusted entirely in the help of God, he labored as if all depended on himself. It was a curious spectacle to see this polished gentleman and dignified ecclesiastic, sharing with the hardy sons of toil the roughest drudgery to further his humble improvements; following the ponderous wain over difficult and dangerous roads;

¹ Psalm xc.

cheering the woodman whose axe made the forest ring ; plying the spade with hands more fit to wield the crosier, and presiding at the rural fête in honor of the successful raising of a log building, with manners that would have graced the saloons of his native city. But it was by such means that he commanded success, when another would have yielded to despair.

During the fourteen years that he resided at Frederick, he was accustomed to visit this neighborhood once a month, celebrating mass alternately at Emmittsburg and in the old chapel, which was but a room in the farm-house of the first settler here ; for after the Protestant revolution in Maryland, a Catholic church could not be erected in the province. He had improved and decorated the little church in Emmittsburg, erected a short time before by a zealous priest from the "Island of Saints," liberally seconded by the few Catholics of that village. He had selected, in the midst of a dense forest, a site of unrivalled grandeur and beauty, and on it reared, by immense personal exertions, the church in which we are now assembled.

The time had come, when his great project of establishing a College was to be carried into effect. A friendless foreigner, lisping "a language which he had not known," an exile flying from the sword of persecution, a penniless priest, undertakes alone to do that which the authority and treasures of the State of Maryland have not been able to accomplish. And, my brethren, he succeeds. By his own exertions, without one dollar of endowment or donation from the State, with no munificent grant, no rich bequest, nothing but his own energies and the help of God, he triumphs over every difficulty, and succeeds beyond all expectation. Go back in fancy to the year 1809, when the first log building stood there below, with a very narrow clearing in front and the wild fox and wolf howling in the distance. Contrast that with the present state of things, and look at the corresponding increase of blessings and advantages derived from the toils and struggles of Mr. Dubois, and then, if you can, refuse your tribute of gratitude to this distinguished benefactor to the cause of education, of charity, and of religion. Do you ask the secret of

this wonderful success ? Simply this, my brethren—the Divine blessing prospering all his labors. Yes, “the finger of God was there ;”¹ he was but the instrument of Him who “chooses the foolish things of this world that he may confound the wise, and the weak things of this world that he may confound the strong ;” “for that which is foolish of God is wiser than men, and that which is weakness of God is stronger than men.”²

His primary object was to establish a seminary for ecclesiastical education. The Catholic Church in the United States was as yet almost entirely dependent on Europe for the education of its missionaries. Bishop Carroll, consecrated to the See of Baltimore, which then comprised the entire Union, in the year 1790, immediately set himself about establishing a seminary, and called from Europe those learned, pious, and venerable members of the Society of St. Sulpice, to whom our country at large and this diocese in particular are so greatly indebted. Mr. Dubois wished to associate his labors with theirs, and for a time conducted his lit-

¹Exod. i. 19. ²1 Cor. i.

the institution as a branch of the Sulpitian seminary. But difficulties rather than advantages growing out of this union, the parties, who had a common object, though they might differ as to the means, agreed, like Paul and Barnabas, to go their several ways in peace ; and the divine blessing attended them both. It was most signally bestowed on Mr. Dubois's undertaking. From the little nursery which he had planted by the mountain's side, he was soon able to present to his Bishop, as the first fruits of his zeal, several pious youths fully prepared for the study of theology, and destined to shine among the ornaments of the sanctuary. Ere long he is surrounded by a crowd of aspirants to the holy ministry. The Queen of Sciences is enthroned at Mt. St. Mary's, and counts a larger retinue of suitors here than in any other institution in our country. He is seconded by a brother priest from France, of spirit akin to his own ; a man who unites the most profound and varied learning to the highest genius, but whose genius and learning are surpassed by his piety and zeal—need I name the saintly Bishop of Vincennes, the lamented

Bruté, the memory of whose virtues in the minds of all who knew him, is like a bank of fragrant flowers in Spring, whose character was truly “as a massy vessel of gold adorned with every precious stone ?”¹ Thus supported, he was able to supply the missions of our country with many pious and enlightened pastors, including a fair proportion of our present Hierarchy. Before he left Mt. St. Mary’s he could count more than forty priests, who were chiefly, if not entirely, indebted to him for their ecclesiastical education ; and to him surely, if to any one, it was given to view with enviable feelings the progress of true religion in our country,—Episcopal Sees created, churches and altars rising, and congregations springing up in every part of the land ; as a watcher of the skies, when twilight fades away, sees at first but a few dim stars, then another and another shining forth, until the heavenly host by their number and brightness gladden his sight and illumine the vast firmament with their glory.

He was no less attentive to the education of

¹ Eccles. i. 10.

those destined to secular pursuits. He selected the retired site of his college, then much more difficult of access than it is at present, partly from considerations of health and of the importance of a vigorous development of mind and body ; but still more, as I have already intimated, in the hope of shutting out the demon of worldly dissipation and the seductions of vicious example. He knew that piety is the safeguard and ornament of every state of life, that “it has the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come.”¹ He knew that without piety there can be no solid virtue, religion being the only foundation on which the moral edifice can be securely erected. He therefore made piety the basis of his system ; and what he did for the education of boys at Mt. St. Mary’s, he powerfully co-operated in doing for female education at St. Joseph’s. Experience is daily proving which is the right system—the worldly or the Christian one. The teachings of reason, of analogy, and of the law of God, may not be despised with impunity. The young steed, that has been

¹ 1 Tim. iii. 8.

trained and disciplined, may fling his rider and rush madly to danger and destruction, yet he feels the old impression of the bit, and will return to subjection ; but the wild horse of the prairie, who will tame him ? Who will curb his fiery neck ? And who will subject to the yoke of the law of God, the spirit that has not known the early discipline of heavenly wisdom ?

Knowing that the first fruits of life, even its opening buds and vernal flowers, are the most acceptable present to Heaven, he was peculiarly careful to secure the offering of the youthful heart to God. Who, that ever witnessed it, can forget his mode of preparing children for their First Communion, and rendering the impressions of that happy day, on which they first opened their hearts to let the King of glory in, decisive of their destiny for life ? What eye was tearless here, when the sweet voice of childhood's piety was heard reciting that beautiful act of atonement and of consecration of the soul to God, which he prepared for this interesting occasion ? What heart so hardened, that it was not moved, when this venerable

priest addressed his simple, pious, persuasive exhortations to his children, who with angelic countenances listened to his words, as they would have listened to the voice of an angel, and, like little angels themselves, knelt before the table of the Lord, that they might receive the bread of angels from his hands? Oh! you may find a sinner hardened in guilt, apparently insensible to every motive of virtue, and dead to every feeling of piety; but, if he made his first communion at Mt. St. Mary's under the direction of Mr. Dubois, be assured that there is yet one chord in his heart which will vibrate to the touch of religion. Speak to him of that happy day: remind him of the pure joys he then experienced and the vows he then made to Heaven from an innocent heart,—and you will see the tear-drop starting in his eye, and you will justly hope that he may yet prove the returning Prodigal, and give joy to Heaven by his conversion.

Anxious to neglect no means of inspiring and preserving youthful piety, he was particularly eager to infuse into the young breast his own

tender devotion to the Mother of God. To *her* he dedicated his Church, his College, and his Seminary. The hill, the spring, the woods,—every thing around him was sacred to Mary. To *her* honor his labors and his life were devoted :—and beautiful were the lessons which he taught us by word and example, of respect for the exalted virtues and prerogatives of our most Blessed Lady,—of love for this purest and most tender of mothers, of confidence in the intercession of our most powerful advocate and protectress. Oh, Mary ! spotless Queen of Heaven ! most gracious patroness of our Mount ! may we never cease to practise his admirable instructions !

He spared no pains to give the youths intrusted to his care all the literary and scientific advantages which his means enabled him to compass. To exhibit all that he did for this end, would be to relate the early history of the institution which he founded. I will only remark that, amid his other duties, however numerous and burthensome, he found time to teach not a little himself. Sole pastor of this congregation, chief

pastor of Emmittsburg, Confessor or Superior of St. Joseph's, and sometimes both at once, President, Procurator, and Treasurer of the College, building, gardening, farming, directing great improvements and projecting new ones, giving a personal attention to every thing,—he was yet teaching daily a class of Latin, and sometimes one, sometimes two of French, and in the absence of Mr. Bruté filling the chair of Theology. He was the life and soul of the establishment over which he presided—holding with a firm hand the reins of discipline, approving the best, encouraging the good, urging the tepid, and spurring or correcting the indolent or the unruly,—as a mild but watchful and determined father in the midst of a numerous family, governing each, and extending equal care and affection to all.

And while his own immediate family seemed to engross his time and toil, there was another wide-spread family looking up to him, on a hundred different occasions, as their common Father. You, my brethren of the congregation, did not pronounce an unmeaning word when you gave

him that respectful and endearing name. Not only was he your spiritual director, into whose sympathetic bosom you could pour the sorrows of a repentant soul ; but which of you was in trouble that did not come to him for consolation ? Which of you in want, that did not apply to him for relief ? Where was the afflicted father or heart-broken mother that did not call on him to reclaim the ungrateful, wandering child ? If servants were unruly, did not the master refer them to him ? If the master was hard-hearted, to whom could the servant go for redress, if not to the pastor, the father of all, in whose kind and charitable heart there was no respect of persons, no regard to fortune or to color—all alike were his children,—and while he pointed out to each the duties of his station and required him to do them, what other desire had he than to lead all alike to Heaven, and on the great accounting day to present you all, not one soul missing from your number, to his and your heavenly Father,—able to say : “ Lo, here am I, and the children whom thou gavest me ! ”

Time will not permit me, my brethren, to speak to you as I would wish of his large instrumentality in establishing in this country the admirable society of the *Sisters of Charity*. He was, as I have heard Mr. Bruté express it, "The true father of that Institution from the beginning." When Mother Seaton first came to this neighborhood, he gave her a home upon this very hill. He freely shared his limited means with them: he supported them, when other support they had none. He was their Confessor and Director during the first years of their existence as a Society. To him Archbishop Carroll intrusted all that related to them. He instructed, trained, directed, formed them all. He initiated them into the practice of the rules laid down by St. Vincent of Paul. He consoled, encouraged, and sustained them amid trials and difficulties, which would have shaken souls less generous than theirs or his,—and from the scanty stores of his own poverty he supplied them with bread, when but for him they had no alternative but to abandon their undertaking and disperse, or to perish for want of food. Tell me

not, my friends, of heroism on the battle-field : tell me not of that wonderful man, who at this very time was leading half a million of devoted followers to the cannon's mouth, and exercising such a strange ascendancy over their maddened minds, that, while blood was spouting from their death-wounds, they would stifle the groans of agony, and summon all their remaining breath to shout "Long live the Emperor !" There was more true heroism then exhibited in St. Joseph's vale, when this man of God had taught that delicately reared and softly nurtured mother and her little band of resolute associates to suffer without complaint, day after day and month after month, the gnawing pains of hunger, confident that He who feeds the ravens would not forget them, and in the hope that they might yet grow up into a community and one day be able themselves to feed the hungry, to rear the forsaken orphan, to nurse the destitute sick, to throw themselves like tutelary angels between the raging pestilence and its trembling victims. That hope has been realized ! Yes, departed benefactors of the poor !—

Dubois ! Seaton ! thousands of orphans, rescued from want and misery and death, or worse than death, have raised their grateful hands to Heaven, imploring blessings on you—a thousand orphans will this night remember you in their prayers !

I have spoken of the rude beginnings of Mt. St. Mary's College. In a few years the scene had changed, as if by magic. The thicket was cleared; the stumps of trees removed; the grounds inclosed and broken into terraces. The water, "taught a better course," flowed through artificial channels to the spot where it was needed: the garden bloomed with flowers, and presented to the eye the fruits of many climes: there were shady walks along the mountain's side or on the margin of the murmuring brook: the rude arbor, the moss-grown rock, the rippling stream, the wild notes of warbling birds, allured the lover of books, and, with the grand and beautiful and hallowed scenes around, converted him into a lover of nature and of God. The adjacent village had largely improved: the neighborhood was gladdened with signs of increasing prosperity. The two institutions, the Semi-

nary and Sisterhood, like brother and sister had grown up together, or, sister-like, the latter was maturing the faster. Scholars had gone forth from both mountain and valley, to tell their friends what beautiful things were adoining in a wild sequestered spot by the foot of the Blue Ridge mountain. A noble edifice, the fruit of so many years' unparalleled exertions, was on the point of completion, and a hundred youthful students were ready to occupy it. The feast of Pentecost, on the sixth day of June, 1824, came and passed away. The last rays of a bright sun, ere it set behind St. Mary's Mount, had gilded the cross which rose from the cupola of this majestic structure. When that sun again appeared in the east, it threw its cheerless beams on blackened walls and smouldering ruins. Startled by alarming cries, at the dead of night, from the tranquil slumbers which visit the good man at the close of a well-spent day, Mr. Dubois beheld at a glance the ruin of his hopes. What, think you, my friends, were the first words that escaped his venerable lips? Did he impeach the justice of Heaven? Did he

call down vengeance on the head of the cruel incendiary? Ah ! it was a beautiful sight to see, even by the light of a disastrous conflagration—that good old man, heart-broken, as you may suppose, arming himself deliberately with the sign of the cross, meekly bowing his head in token of submission, and exclaiming with patient Job : “ The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.” ¹ His spirit quailed not through that dreadful night. His characteristic fortitude did not forsake him. Conquering the agonies of despair, he calmly gave directions or observed in silent grief the progress of destruction. Soon he pointed out some defects in the plan of the flaming edifice, *which he would remedy in the next* ;—and this too, though the snows of sixty winters had whitened his head, and he had gone beyond his present means in erecting the building, which was destroyed. And again he realized his prediction. He had the public confidence and sympathy. God prospered all his labors ; and a new College arose from the ashes of its predecessor.

¹ Job i. 21.

sor. He not only finished it, though he remained but two years longer here, but he also presided over the erection of a still more spacious academy at St. Joseph's.

He was then called to the vacant Bishopric of New York. It was hard to leave his dear Mountain and beautiful Valley,—to tear himself away from the spot which he had found a wilderness and made a paradise. It was hard to enter on new and untried fields of labor, when declining years and increasing infirmities entitled him rather to seek repose amid the beautiful creations of his own religious zeal and charity. But he was never known to shrink from toil or hardship, and he bowed to the decision of that authority which forms the very keystone of the grand arch of Catholic Unity. He was consecrated to the See of New York in the autumn of 1826. His career as a Bishop was one of unostentatious, but active and untiring benevolence. He visited frequently every portion of the vineyard intrusted to his care. He was a kind father to his clergy, a friend and benefactor to the poor, a pastor full of solicitude

to supply abundantly the spiritual wants of his extensive diocese. He won the hearts of many by his paternal kindness and the charm of his engaging manners. He edified all by the regularity of his pious conduct, his pure disinterestedness, his charity and fervent devotion. Many obstacles he had to encounter ; but he overcame them by patient meekness and unconquerable resolution. And if this good prelate was forced to witness scenes which wounded his paternal heart, he also saw much, when he looked over his great field of labor, to console and gratify him—new congregations arising, religion continually advancing, institutions of charity multiplying around him,—the co-operation of many zealous laborers in the vineyard, and, among them, of gifted and exemplary priests, whom he himself had educated. He saw Sisters of Charity whom he himself had trained, laboring in their angelic vocation in the asylum, in the school-room, in the hospital. He saw continually some hundreds of orphan children to whom he had been a provident benefactor ; and this good and holy Bishop, though far from his native country

and kindred, was encircled by a numerous, devoted, and affectionate family, depending on his spiritual care, looking up to him for counsel and direction, and imploring the divine goodness to scatter blessings on his path, and prolong and brighten the evening of his days. When the charge of his great and populous diocese had become too weighty for his shoulders, bent by age and weakened by infirmities, he sought a coadjutor among his children of the Mountain, and placed the heavy burden on shoulders that are able to bear it. There too he had erected a College for ecclesiastical and secular education, and seen it ruined by devouring flames. Yet he lived to behold his fond hope realized in the establishment of an institution founded on the plan, governed by the rules, and directed by the children of Mount St. Mary's.

Which of you, my brethren, will ever forget the scenes which you witnessed when Mr. Dubois revisited the spots ever dearest to his heart, the Mountain and the Valley? How did the whole population of the country around pour forth to welcome their benefactor, and to ask a father's

blessing from him ! It was as if a patriot hero were returning in triumph to his country delivered by his arms. When he was last among you, during the summer that is past, you saw indeed but the wrecks of that vigorous constitution, that unbending will, that noble resolution to do good to men and promote the glory of God, which, in his better day, appeared in his firm step, his erect bearing, his quick commanding eye, his countenance stamped with energy and firmness, yet beaming with benevolence ; but you still recognized and were delighted to behold that paternal look and gracious smile, that desire to make every one happy, that prompt politeness and amiable manner which made him at all times the perfect model of a Christian gentleman ; and you were edified too to observe the lamp of charity burning brightly to the last, and throwing its rays on that humble piety and tender devotion which ever marked his character.

I find that character, my brethren, briefly, but accurately, sketched on the page of sacred Scripture. It is in the description of the just man conducted by heavenly wisdom. “ Wisdom hath de-

livered from sorrow them that attend upon her. She conducted the just, when he fled from his brother's wrath, through right ways, and showed him the kingdom of God, and gave him the knowledge of holy things ; made him honorable in his labors, and accomplished his labors."¹ Yes, this divine guide delivered him from all his dangers, and trials, and sorrows, and turned them all into occasions of merit ; led him by the hand, when he fled from the wrath of his impious brethren, who in the name of reason and philanthropy established the reign of Atheism and terror ; opened to his view the kingdom of God, by making known his holy will and choosing him to be the interpreter of his oracles and " dispenser of his mysteries ;" employed him in the most useful, the most charitable, the most honorable labors—in labors which will cover him with fame, and glory, and benediction, for all eternity ; and brought all his labors, no matter how arduous or unpromising, brought them all to a happy issue and crowned them with complete success.

¹ Wisdom x. 9, 10.

Need I tell you that such a life was closed by a tranquil and happy death? Patient, resigned, and devout to the end, the last object that caught his eager gaze was the sign under which he “had fought the good fight,” and won his victories—the image of his crucified Redeemer; the last words that trembled on his lips were the holy names which, in infancy, a pious mother had taught him to lisp,—Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! As ripe and mellow fruit falls in due season to the ground; as the flower hangs its head, and droops, and dies; as the sun at evening’s close sinks calmly into ocean’s bed, leaving tracks of glory behind; so did he quit this earthly scene, without a struggle and without a sigh,—with a prayer on his lips and a sweet hope of heavenly rest in his heart, and a sweet thought of the mercy of Jesus, whom he had loved and served all his life, hovering like an angel over his departing spirit.

He has gone, we trust, to that blessed place where many souls, saved by his ministry, joyously awaited his coming. Shall we accompany him hither? Shall we dispel those fears which ever

qualify our strongest assurance, and follow him to "the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and the company of many thousand angels, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect?"¹ Shall we fancy the rapturous greetings given by his numerous children in Christ to their welcome father, and attempt to conceive the reunion in bliss and glory and in the bosom of their Saviour of the kindred spirits of a Dubois, a Bruté, and a Seaton! But no; it is not given to us to lift the veil which hides from mortal eyes the mansions of the blest. We are not privileged, as was the valiant Machabeus, when in heavenly vision he beheld the High Priest Onias, "a good and virtuous man, modest in his looks, gentle in his manners, and graceful in his speech, and exercised from a child in all virtues, holding up his hands" before the throne of God, "and praying for all the people."² We rather pray for him: we offer to God for him the Lamb that was slain to take away our sins; because perhaps he may need the assistance of our prayers

¹ Heb. xii. 22, 23.² Machab. xv. 12.

and sacrifices, and, if he need them, he is most clearly entitled to our grateful remembrance before the altar of God ; and because, whatever the case may be, the charity which wishes to help a suffering soul will not go unrewarded. He is entitled to our gratitude, for, though he died as he had lived—poor in the goods of this world, rich only in spiritual gifts and graces—though he left no earthly property or wealth to be divided, yet has he bequeathed to us a precious inheritance, a legacy of inestimable value, to make us bless his memory and be mindful of him in our prayers. He has left us our College and Seminary. He has left you this Church, and all the blessings of a constant pastoral attendance. He has left bishops to the Church, pastors to the faithful, instructors to the ignorant, mothers to the orphans ; sisters, kind, devoted sisters, to all that need the ministering hand of charity. Can any honor that Christians may pay to the departed be too great for such a benefactor ? And if all the world beside forget him, will Mount St. Mary's be ungrateful to his memory ? God forbid, my breth-

ren, that we should merit such a reproach ! But he has left us something more—the beautiful example of his virtues. To you most particularly this rich inheritance belongs. For thirty-two years he was your pastor ; for eighteen years he lived in the midst of you, the pattern, as well as the leader, of his flock. For if he showed you the road to Heaven, he also led the way ; he was always “as the eagle enticing her young to fly, and hovering over them.”¹ Remember, therefore, his virtuous conversation, and take to heart the lesson which his life conveys. Shun the counsels of the ungodly ; walk not in the ways of sinners, and never sit in the chair of pestilent impiety, blaspheming what you do not understand, and with silly weakness scoffing at the wisdom of your Creator. But give your heart to the law of God : meditate thereon by day and by night : seek his will, to know and do it. Clinging with devoted loyalty to the old, hereditary faith of Christendom, show forth in your lives the spirit which has animated, and the virtues which have adorned, in

¹ Deut. xxxii. 11,

every age, the saints and heroes of the Church. "Remember," according to the advice of the Holy Ghost, "Remember your prelates, who have spoken to you the word of God, and, considering well the end of their conversation, imitate their faith."¹ If you imitate the faith of Mr. Dubois, his lively, active, generous faith, you will imitate all his virtues. You will imitate his zeal, his charity, his humility and self-denial, his ardent piety, his spirit of continual prayer. And you too shall be "like the tree, which is planted near the running waters—you shall bring forth fruit in due season—your leaf shall not fall off—and all things, whatsoever you do, shall prosper:" for whatever may be your lot in this life, every thing which you shall do in the state of grace, and for the love of God, will add a gem to the crown with which "the Prince of Pastors" will wreath your brows in Heaven.

¹ Heb. xiii. 7.



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